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MARCH 1947

The American Mercury

A CALL FOR A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM ★ ★ ★
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REAL ESTATE LOBBY Alexander L. Crosby
THE TRUTH ABOUT FOOT TROUBLE Dudley J. Morton, M.D.



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STASSEN OF MINNESOTA
by Roscoe Drummond
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The American Mercury

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VOLUME LXIV

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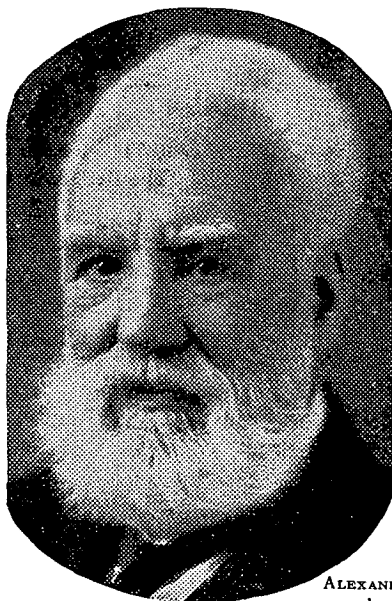
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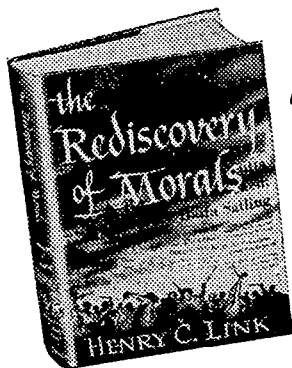
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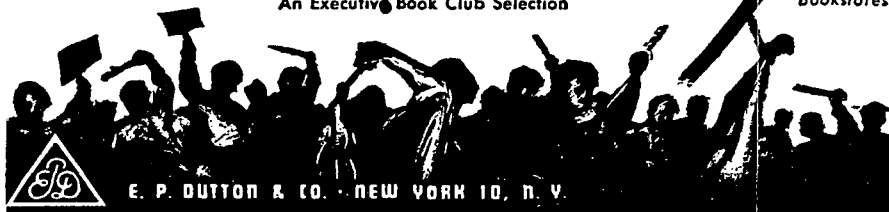
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The American Mercury

A CALL FOR A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM

The following manifesto was prepared by a group of men and women who have founded a new movement of democratic awakening, called Common Cause. Their announcement of philosophy and purpose is so sound, succinct and timely a statement, not only of the American way of life but of the major national and international issue of our day — totalitarianism vs. democracy — that we have decided to reprint it almost in its entirety. While THE AMERICAN MERCURY is an independent organ of information and interpretation, giving allegiance to no political party or faction, it heartily endorses the principles of Common Cause, as it has, indeed, throughout its entire career — and it will gladly cooperate journalistically in helping to make them effective.

— THE EDITORS

I. America Has a Purpose

Our American Republic was dedicated in its origins to human freedom. In our most glorious moments we have fought for the extension of the principles of individual liberty and the rights of man throughout the world.

The present age calls for a solemn rededication of the American people to their historic purpose. *Common Cause* is a national movement devoted to this end.

II. America Is Challenged

We in America today face the supreme challenge of our history. We are being driven by events to play a major, perhaps the decisive, role in shaping the course of civilization. Because of our great strength and the narrowed dimensions of the earth, the very survival of individual liberty and popular rule in the world rests in large measure with us.

At home, we face the task of achieving economic stability, security, and

opportunity for all without sacrificing civil and political liberties. If we fail in this, we shall open the gates to chaos and despotism in America.

Abroad, we face the task of building a lasting peace on the foundations of justice and freedom for all peoples. If we fail here, we may be destroyed in an all-embracing catastrophe.

Both at home and abroad, we face Communism: an aggressive totalitarian movement purporting to bring security, equality, and peace to the peoples of the world *through dictatorship*. This movement has gained such strength that for the first time in its modern career democracy is challenged by a powerful rival for the idealism of the young and the hopes of the exploited and oppressed of the earth.

Both at home and abroad also, we face Fascism: a second aggressive totalitarian movement which by appealing to the worst in the human tradition and by setting religion against religion, nation against nation, and race against race would revive the military state and plunge all mankind again into war. Although the Fascist powers have been destroyed, the conditions of insecurity, frustration, and fear out of which Fascism came continue to ride the world. Each of these totalitarian movements feeds on fear of the other. Each also loudly proclaims itself to be the only practicable alternative to the other. As a consequence many well-meaning citizens are driven into the Communist and Fascist ranks. *Com-*

mon Cause repudiates this false logic and presents a living democracy as the answer to both.

III. *America Is Strong in Material Power*

We stand at the very apex of our material power in history. In sheer physical might, in the fabulous productivity of our economy, we are without a close rival among the nations. It was this economy that made America truly the "arsenal of democracy" in the struggle against the Fascist states.

But our present relative position among the nations is fleeting. Never before have we occupied a place of such pre-eminence. Perhaps never again will our voice carry equal weight in the council chambers of the world. Both the opportunity and the responsibility of today may be gone tomorrow. We must act now. This is America's hour of destiny.

IV. *America Is Weak in Spirit*

In spite of our physical might we lack vision and resolution. At this critical juncture in the affairs of mankind the voice of our democracy is feeble and confused. The cause of freedom is neglected and forsaken in its historic home. Amid the conflict of ideologies and the clash of systems we seem to lack the moral vigor of other days.

At a time when the democratic faith is on the defensive everywhere we are divided in our own house. Torn by the struggle for special advantage of organized groups and interests, weakened by class, sectarian, national, and

racial prejudices, we are unmoved by any great common cause or passion. In our moral leadership at home and in the world we betray the promise of our history and the need of the hour.

V. *America Must Bring Forth a Great Faith*

We can turn back in peaceful competition the totalitarian threat in any and all of its forms. But we can do this, not by a blind policy of negation, nor by a timid policy of defense, but rather by a bold and positive policy of democratic affirmation and fulfillment — a policy devoted to making democracy work at home and helping it live abroad.

To achieve this end we must proceed swiftly to revive and strengthen our great heritage of freedom. We must formulate a body of common purposes and loyalties which transcend the limited interests of class, sect, nation, and race. We must bring forth a great and militant faith which will surpass in its sweep and power the faith of any totalitarian system.

VI. *This Faith Is Democracy*

Democracy is the social faith of America. But we must recall to our minds, in terms that cannot be twisted by tyrants, the true and full meaning of this fateful word which is on the lips of all peoples today. *Common Cause* proposes the following conception of the meaning of democracy.

1. *Democracy means — PERSONAL WORTH:* Every human be-

ing is precious in his own right and is always to be regarded as an end, never as a means merely. His protection and full development are the purpose and measure of social institutions, relationships, and doctrines. The state is made for man, not man for the state. *Here is the foundation of all humane conceptions of life and the ultimate source of the other articles of our faith.*

2. *Democracy means — FREEDOM:* All men should participate actively in selecting leaders, in shaping the laws, and in discharging the responsibilities of government. Every man should be free to think and speak, to write and create, to approve and criticize, to assemble and organize, to choose an occupation, to move from place to place, to improve his condition, to worship God as he chooses, to follow the dictates of his conscience, to pursue in his own way truth and happiness. Within the framework of democratic principles cultural and political minorities should be tolerated, respected, and valued as creative forces in history. A "democratic" one-party state is a self-evident but dangerous fraud. *Freedom is the ancient, eternal, and implacable foe of totalitarianism and every form of tyranny over the bodies and minds of men.*

3. *Democracy means — EQUALITY:* All men though differing in talents should be equal before the law and in the moral order. Regardless of class, creed, or color they should have the same rights, liberties, opportunities, and responsibilities. De-

mocracy recognizes no races, castes, or orders commissioned by God or qualified by their own attributes to exploit, govern, or enslave their fellow human beings. *Equality is the only enduring basis of justice, mercy, and fraternity among men.*

4. *Democracy means — RULE OF LAW:* The structure and functions of government should be clearly defined in constitutional provisions; the entire political process of elections, legislation, administration, and judicial decision should be conducted according to rules and principles freely established by the people. All individuals and minorities should be protected in their rights and liberties against the passion of mobs, the vengeance of party, the power of privilege, the tyranny of secret police, the caprice of officials, and the ambitions of madmen. *Law is the indispensable guardian of freedom.*

5. *Democracy means — PUBLIC MORALITY:* It means elementary standards of decency in the conduct of all public affairs. In the political struggle men should be guided by the canons of simple honesty, truthfulness, and intellectual integrity; in the exercise of power they should be just, humane, and merciful. Democracy condemns in principle the doctrinal immorality of totalitarianism, whether Fascist or Communist, which justifies as political "realism" the practice of falsehood, hypocrisy, deceit, and slander, of terrorism, deportations, tortures, concentration camps, labor battalions, and judicial

murders. *Without mutual trust and charity society itself must fall into decay and dissolution.*

6. *Democracy means — INDIVIDUAL OPPORTUNITY:* It means a mobile and progressive society in which any man can make his way according to his own talents, inclinations, and beliefs — a society which makes available to all an abundance of opportunity in work, in health, in education, in social relationships, in human enlightenment, in all the arts and sciences of life. Democracy strives to insure to every individual through whatever means experience proves necessary the opportunity to develop himself to his full stature. *By maintaining opportunity for all democracy becomes precious to all.*

7. *Democracy means — INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY:* All men should be disciplined by a sense of common brotherhood, a devotion to the general welfare, and a love of truth and justice. If they employ their liberties merely to further their own selfish interests, if they are callous to wrongs and inequalities, if they are indifferent to the public good, they will surely sink back into bondage. Democracy surpasses all other social systems in its demands on the time and energy, as well as the virtue and understanding, of the citizen. *Individual responsibility is the final test of human liberty.*

In spite of our many failures, weaknesses, and shortcomings, our commitment to these principles in the past has been recognized throughout

the earth and has given to us our unique place among the nations. *Common Cause* has been launched to renew and strengthen that commitment and to serve all who wish to take part in a great rebirth of democratic faith in America and the world.

Common Cause will strive without flagging to apply this conception of democracy to both domestic and foreign policy. It will draft a Social Charter for America which will outline concretely the great goals to be striven for at home during the coming years. It will keep these goals ever before the country and work unceasingly for their attainment. It will also draft a Foreign Policy Charter outlining the basic essentials of a just peace, and suggest the methods by which we may hope to undo the tragic mistakes of appeasement and win back by peaceful means the lost areas of freedom.

It will revive the Atlantic Charter and endeavor to apply its provisions to the building of a free and just world — free and just to the small as well as to the great, to the weak as well as to the strong. We believe that America, working closely with all governments committed to liberty, must struggle to achieve these aims with all of her moral, diplomatic, and economic resources, using every ounce of her bargaining power to extend the dominion of freedom on the earth.

What Is Common Cause?

Common Cause is a force, not just another organization. It is a militant

citizen movement carrying the banner of democracy. It is a job for you, as an individual; a project for your club or organization.

Common Cause is an old idea because its inspiration and foundations are found in the words of the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights. It is new because it re-defines in fresh words the Purpose of America: how we can make it live today and defend it effectively at home and abroad.

Common Cause is significant because it articulates and pulls into focus the great unspoken sentiments which many men and women have been thinking all along. We believe that it articulates the silent thoughts of the great body of Americans who do not believe that the ideals and purpose of America proclaimed by Jefferson, or Paine, or Lincoln are expressed by the thinking of either the so-called right or left now so much publicized.

Common Cause welcomes all men and women who accept its purposes and who realize that the fate of human liberty in these critical times rests in large measure in the hands of the American people.

Common Cause proposes to engage in various forms of activity designed to clarify the meaning of democracy, to apply its principles to domestic and foreign policy, to support the struggle for human liberty both at home and abroad, and generally to prepare the American people for the

stupendous role for which history has cast them.

Building a Foreign Policy Based on Principle

Everybody in a democracy must help shape its policy; must understand it, believe in it, and back it to the limit with words and deeds. Our foreign policy must be firmly based on our Purpose as a nation. We are now engaged in a great War of Ideas which, if lost, will nullify the terrible sacrifices so freshly made to preserve freedom.

Issues which have a profound effect on the entire future of democracy and human freedom arise almost every day, often in the United Nations organization itself. As such issues arise, *Common Cause* will send you a brief statement of the situation, and a ballot, so that you, personally, can vote on, and take part in the most important struggle of ideas that has confronted the American people since the Revolution.

Judgment polls will also be conducted among *Common Cause* members to help achieve a common understanding of the great values for which we are to stand before the world. Major issues of domestic and foreign policy will be tested in terms of basic democratic values.

Help Defend America's Freedom by Helping Those Who Defend Freedom Abroad

The frontiers of freedom today rest in those countries which are struggling

to preserve the free way of life and individual, religious, and national freedom under grueling totalitarian pressure. It is to the selfish, as well as to the humanitarian, interest of every American who prizes the free way of life to bring material and moral assistance and comfort to men, women and children who have suffered deprivation, starvation, and persecution because of their devotion to democratic principles.

The names and addresses of people in France, Italy, Greece, Austria, and other countries, and lists of the simple everyday necessities of life which they need so desperately, will be furnished to any member of *Common Cause* wishing to participate in the work. Many of these people, both Jews and Gentiles, are in the displaced persons' camps in Europe, unable to return in safety to the lands of their origin and unwelcome in the devastated countries to which they fled or to which they were deported. Many of them have suffered terribly even during the period when they have been under UNRRA, and their fate is now more uncertain than ever. Aid must be given to them, and homes must be found for them. The sacred right of asylum for political refugees must be upheld against totalitarian efforts to force their return.

You Are Common Cause

Common Cause is meant for the many, not the few. It is financed by no wealthy patron or special interest

and is entirely non-partisan and non-political. Its support depends entirely on voluntary contributions from many persons, and six months' membership dues of \$1.00 which will go to cover the cost of printing, postage, clerical work, and research involved in material *Common Cause* will send you. It will succeed if *you* who are

reading this message care enough about the future of your country and the survival of democracy in the world to make this message your own and join us in recruiting others in the Fight For Freedom.

The present address of Common Cause is 1775 Broadway, New York 19, New York.

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STASSEN OF MINNESOTA

BY ROSCOE DRUMMOND

WHAT is behind the façade of Harold E. Stassen's all-out campaign for the 1948 Republican Presidential nomination? Who runs the show? Who devises the strategy which finds Stassen one day speaking to a larger audience in Seattle than Governor Dewey drew in 1944, conferring with Republican leaders in Congress shortly thereafter, and later *en route* to Moscow to find out at first hand what can be done to bring peace into the world? Who germinates the ideas and writes the provocative Stassen articles which pour from the mass-circulation magazines, and the speeches which Stassen has been delivering in nearly every state of the union during the past twelve months? And who pays for the multitudinous non-profit Stassen activities designed to have the profitable result of winning a Presidential nomination little more than a year away?

I have asked these questions of Stassen friends and Stassen foes. I have asked them of politicians in Minnesota and Washington in position to know the answer. Some-

times the answer comes fast, sometimes slowly; it is always the same, though delivered in varying tones of voice ranging from pride to sarcasm.

The answer is that the man behind the Stassen boom, the Stassen strategy, the Stassen speech-making, the Stassen travels, the Stassen finances is — Harold Stassen, a cool, tough-minded, straightforward, calculating idealist who knows what he wants and has thus far usually got it.

The fact is that this 220-pound, six-foot-three hulk of Minnesota politician, thrice his state's governor — first elected when he was 31 — Republican convention keynoter in 1940 — at 33 — and a member of the American delegation to the United Nations charter-drafting convention — at 38 — is breaking three important and conventional political rules by the way he is setting out to get the GOP Presidential nomination in 1948.

1. Mr. Stassen is openly and avowedly pursuing the nomination: it is a bald case of the man seeking the office, not the office seeking the

ROSCOE DRUMMOND has been executive editor, chief editorial writer and European editorial manager of the *Christian Science Monitor*; at present he is chief of its Washington bureau. He contributed a profile of Senator Ball to the May 1945 *AMERICAN MERCURY*.

man; and it offends the political fictions; of course, it doesn't offend the facts.

2. Mr. Stassen, in seeking the nomination, demands that the Republican party demonstrate that it has a concrete and constructive program for the future of a dynamic America. That may not be polite politics, but he knows that if he cannot persuade his party to stand behind a clear and comprehensive alternative to the Truman Administration, he cannot persuade it to nominate him in 1948.
3. Mr. Stassen is acting on the unorthodox premise that the best way to get the Presidential nomination is to set about equipping himself to make the best possible President. He violated all political tradition when, despite his need to keep in the public eye, he rejected a sure seat in the Senate last fall. Instead he pitted his hand-picked candidate, Edward J. Thye, whom he had previously put in the Minnesota Governor's chair, against the Republican perennial, Henrik Shipstead, in the primary; Thye had no trouble winning both the nomination and election, but if he had lost to the isolationist Shipstead, Stassen's political chances would have become small indeed.

II

Harold Stassen is not in the Senate today by his own choice. All his friends and well-wishers wanted him there and thought he ought to be

there in his own interests. If he had consulted fifty friends as to what he should do, the vote would have been fifty to one for the Senate; but the one vote would have ruled. Stassen is his own closest adviser and he has great confidence in his own judgment. It has worked well in the past.

Harold Stassen declined the Senatorship, not because he was in the least hesitant to stand up and be counted on frequent controversial votes, not because he was reluctant to stand daily comparison with other Republican and Democratic figures in the upper house. He declined because he wanted to devote two intensive years to equipping himself for the Presidency; he believes that if he can manifestly offer himself as the best equipped man for the Presidency, that, plus his other political assets, will give him a better chance to be nominated than if he had confined himself to sitting and voting in the Senate. With this in mind he has been devoting himself to a most intensive study of domestic problems, to foreign travel enabling him to assess international stresses at first hand, and to arduous nationwide speaking tours (he traveled more than 100,000 miles and addressed an average of 1000 persons a day in 1946) reporting his findings and stimulating popular thinking.

If Mr. Stassen argues that the Republican party needs a constructive, concrete, forthright, dynamic program — to cite his own oft-used words — then he must believe that it

really hasn't such a program yet or at least isn't effectively united behind it. He attributes this weakness to the Republican Old Guard which in one way or another he has been opposing since he entered politics at the age of 21, when he took over the work of county chairman in Dakota County, Minnesota, after his father accepted the post on the understanding that "Harold would do the work." The Old Guard, of course, is fighting him just as openly and bitterly as he is fighting it. Last year, for example, the Taft forces beat back Stassen's effort to get the Republican National Committee to name a more liberal chairman.

This brings us to Stassen's dilemma: He must please the Republican party stalwarts enough to win the Presidential nomination; he must also lead the Republican party to reform enough to let him, if elected, effectively discharge the duties, as he sees them, of the Presidency. In other words, quite an assignment. Minnesota's former governor has taken it on, aware that the odds are against him but profoundly confident it can be done. With plenty of down-to-earth political experience, with a record of being elected governor three times during a period when the Democratic party was in the ascendancy, with a full understanding of how "practical politics" works and can be made to work for him, Harold Stassen is now attempting simultaneously to discipline and delight the Republican elephant — and there's no telling yet

whether the Republican managers will end by firing Trainer Stassen or getting a new elephant.

It's nothing new for Stassen to be taking on a fight with the GOP Old Guard. He would never have got away from scratch in his first campaign for the governorship if the Minnesota regulars could have prevented him. They tried; they lost. Then, as now, the old-line Republican organization leaders had been out of office for years, had been holding on to what remained of their rusty, unstartable political machinery, determined that no other Republicans were going to win if they couldn't. Stassen beat three or four old-line rivals for the gubernatorial nomination, injected new life in the old party and went on to win over the Farmer-Laborites whom the regular Republicans in Minnesota had never been able to defeat.

The significance of this incident is that Harold Stassen began the principal part of his political career, not by joining the Old Guard organization and painfully dragging up the ladder as others trod on his fingers, but by leading a revolt against it. He began by winning and he hasn't stopped — yet. In Minnesota he stripped power from most of the Republican Old Guard and forced the remainder to join him. He did not create a political machine in the usual sense, but he built up and has sustained uninterruptedly a mass support among the Republican voters in that state for Stassen ideas and Stassen candidates.

After wryly reconciling themselves to Stassen because he was a winner at a time when the GOP was short on winners, national Old Guard leaders found the Minnesota governor in their hair again in 1940. He was invited to be keynote speaker at the Philadelphia convention. He was not committed in advance on the substance of his speech, but it was intended that he should hold the spotlight for a few minutes, demonstrate the vigorous young leadership in the party, and then be led quietly away. That was not Stassen's idea. He had become convinced that Willkie could and should be nominated and he didn't intend to stand idly on the sidelines. He was one of the earliest of the prominent Republican leaders to embrace Willkie's cause; he took the center of the stage at once by becoming Willkie's floor manager and was an important force in helping to shift control of the convention from the Old Guard, with the result that the nomination went to Willkie.

III

To understand why the old-line GOP organization leaders — whose first concern is to keep their hands on the machinery of the party at all costs (they would rather be defeated than lose control) — and Harold Stassen have been at odds from the beginning, is to understand the motives and purposes of this ex-governor and war veteran who has shown himself politically and intellectually mature at such

an early age. A politician is best disclosed by the opponents he makes.

I find little evidence — and I have lately talked with Republican officials in thirteen states from the Potomac to Puget Sound — that the GOP organization leaders are opposed to Stassen primarily, or even particularly, on the ground that he is “too radical.” They don't expect their Presidential candidate to call for a return to the days before social-security programs, before strong and legally protected labor unions, before regulated investment banking. Unless Harding is to be put down as an internationalist and Coolidge as a garrulous spendthrift, Stassen cannot be accounted radical. His record in Minnesota was not radical; it was actually conservative. He made it harder for labor to strike; he cut expenditures, balanced the budget, turned the \$39 million deficit he inherited into a \$3 million surplus, pared the State payroll and decentralized relief by turning it back to county and local control. Nothing radical there, either in ideology or in action. Indeed, it looks like a pattern of what the Republican Party wants to do for the nation.

Anyone who has read the articles which Stassen has written, and studied a cross section of the speeches he is delivering across the country since he finished his naval service as flag secretary to Admiral Halsey, knows that Stassen's objective is to secure and strengthen the American system of democratic capitalism. The Stassen

speeches have none of the New Dealish coloration which marked much of Governor Dewey's 1944 Presidential campaign. He is distrusted and denounced by both the extreme Right and the extreme Left; if there is anybody walking down the middle road of American political thinking today, it is Harold Stassen.

Why, then, does most of the Republican Old Guard distrust, suspect and belittle a Republican figure of such manifest capacity and demonstrated vote-getting popularity? The reasons stem only slightly from Stassen's policies and purposes. They know he is a solid fellow, far less of a "Me, Too" campaigner than the man they nominated in 1944, no more of a leftist than Governor Earl Warren or Senator Leverett Saltonstall or a number of other esteemed Republican stalwarts. The Old Guard opposes Mr. Stassen because they fear not so much his political purposes as his political means; they fear his talent to arouse decisive popular support for his side; they fear that that which they most prize — great influence over the party when it is in office and complete control over the party when it is out of office — would pass from them if Harold Stassen became President; they fear that if Stassen became the GOP's dominant figure, he would become its dominant force. The Old Guard is not opposed to the Stassen policies: they are opposed to Stassen.

There are plenty of liberals who are against Stassen, too. Those who sup-

port him appear to be doing so not because they trust Stassen implicitly but because they distrust other Republican presidential hopefuls explicitly.

Critical opinion of Stassen tends to doubt his political courage and to question his political judgment. It has been suggested that his decision not to run for the Senate, where he would have to go on record week after week, was compounded of political weakness and bad judgment. It looks in retrospect to have been a sure thing that Stassen would have defeated Shipstead, but was it timidity or caution which kept Stassen back? And if Stassen is dedicated to "moving the Republican party along the path of true liberalism" at whatever risk to his own future, how can he expect to do it better from the sidelines than in the main tent of the United States Congress? These are questions which liberals ask, and they are by no means sure that the answers reflect credit on Mr. Stassen.

And when Stassen acted to oust Minnesota's isolationist Senator Shipstead from public life, why did he ignore Minnesota's isolationist Representative Knutson, who is equally a barrier to his avowed concept of "true Republican liberalism"? Did the former look reasonably sure and the latter too tough?

Critics incline to the view that Stassen is overly ambitious and that he puts his unlimited ambitions ahead of every consideration and at the forefront of every decision. They

hold that he consciously imperiled the cause of liberal internationalism when he entered the Wisconsin primary against Wendell Willkie in the spring of 1944 and they are not persuaded that Stassen's abandonment of his governorship and entrance into the Navy in 1943 was as courageous and self-sacrificing a move as serving on the civilian front, where administrative talent seemed to be even more needed.

The attitude toward Stassen on the left almost completely spurns his claimed liberalism; its spokesmen affirm that his total record gives no basis for faith that his progressiveness is more than periodic and incidental. They bemoaned the fact that he went into Nebraska in 1942 to help defeat liberal George Norris, but it is said in Mr. Stassen's behalf that by this time the aging Senator Norris was not in a position to render effective service to himself, to the Senate or to liberalism. Many of his left-wing critics also choose to believe that he was the beneficiary of an anti-Jewish, Red-baiting crusade against Elmer Benson and Floyd Olson in the early days of his Minnesota political career. This report has appeared more than once in the liberal press; I have checked it exhaustively and there is no evidence he was either aware of or benefited by the crude *Are They Communists or Catspaws?* pamphlet which was issued by Republican Ray P. Chase.

These liberal critics also charge — my interviews with Minnesota news-

papermen indicate that here they charge falsely — that the Silver Shirts supported him in 1938. This, too, is an occasionally repeated accusation that is not justified by its repetition. At no point in his career has there been any identity of purpose or interest between fascist-minded groups and Stassen.

It is true — as it is true of many American politicians whose public office did not require them to commit themselves — that Mr. Stassen refrained from saying a good word for Loyalist Spain when many other liberals were risking their necks to fight fascism in one of the spots where it first raised its head.

But liberals recall with pleasure that Stassen joined the national committee to raise funds to support the General Motors strikers in the fall of 1945, though they object to his recent total opposition to any present wage increase for mass-production industrial workers.

Liberal and left-wing criticism of Stassen "liberalism" is sincere and substantial. It rests upon evident respect for his great potentialities. It is certainly not conclusive in any broad appraisal of the man or the politician, but it cannot be casually dismissed.

It means that Stassen simply cannot be tagged, that he refuses to fit neatly into the conventional mold of liberal-conservative thinking.

All the evidence I have gathered suggests that the Republican Old Guard is determined to beat Stassen

—and *vice versa* — for three reasons:

1. Because Stassen is much too candid, concrete and committal in his political declarations. (The Old Guard isn't so much against what Stassen stands for, but it doesn't want to stand for anything so definitely.)
2. Because Stassen is much too independent — too independent a thinker, and too independent a doer, determined to be beholden to no small group of politicians and to no single bloc of his supporters.
3. Because Stassen is capable of vigorous leadership, because he draws his strength and his support not from a political hierarchy, but direct from the people, over the heads of the political managers — as he did throughout his three terms as Governor of Minnesota. (The Republican Old Guard doesn't mind leadership if it isn't too vigorous and it doesn't mind an occasional appeal to the people if it doesn't threaten to create a political figure strong enough to dispute their final say over party affairs.)

IV

Let us look a little more closely at the qualities of Stassen which distress the GOP Old Guard.

Stassen's Candor: It is impossible for Stassen to pretend; he is not very witty and not at all wily. An incident which occurred shortly after his selection as a Republican member of the United States delegation to the United Nations Preparatory Con-

ference in San Francisco illustrates his innate directness. He had just returned to Washington from the Pacific to confer with President Roosevelt; he was still in uniform and was holding a press conference in the Navy Building. He had had no word to say about domestic politics or international affairs for many months and had never commented on his entrance into the Wisconsin primary against Willkie and Dewey a year earlier. There was no doubt that both Stassen and his questioners were eyeing his political future. Most of the questions and answers concerned his advocacy of "a new and higher level of Government to serve mankind" and his hope that the UN Charter would bring about some delegation of national sovereignty to a United Nations parliament. The final question came hurtling from a correspondent of a powerful Republican newspaper implacably hostile to Stassen and all his ideas. "Wouldn't," asked this reporter in a tone implying that his question would shatter Stassen's position if he dared answer frankly, "wouldn't that mean World Government, Captain Stassen?"

Stassen could have said that that depended on how you defined world government; he could have said, not very much or not necessarily; he could have said that world government was a long way off; he could, if he had chosen, easily have turned the question aside.

Stassen answered: "Yes." Not "Yes, but . . .", simply, "Yes, it would."

Stassen wants the GOP to stand on a clearly proclaimed, party-supported program and he wants it free of weasel words and political double-talk. "There are those," he says, "who counsel that the party adopt a 'safe' attitude toward controversial issues. This may be a way for the Republican party to win, though I doubt it. But it is certainly a way for the country to lose."

Stassen's Independence: Stassen is a good listener, a patient, persistent questioner; but he makes his own decisions and has no hesitancy in relying on his own ideas. He is independent, courageous, even ruthless in putting allegiance to principles above allegiance to persons.

It took political courage to inform the voters when he sought his third term as governor of Minnesota in 1942 that within four months after he would take office he intended to resign to take a commission in the Navy. When this decision was reached and it was clear that his lieutenant governor would succeed him, Stassen did not hesitate to drop from the ticket the incumbent lieutenant governor, C. Elmer Anderson, whom he did not want as successor, and replace him with Edward J. Thye. This was cool, tough-minded, single-purposed politics and Stassen was not at all squeamish. He figured the triumph of his policies came first. The voters agreed.

Stassen's current political speaking and world travel are financed entirely by Stassen's own private enterprise.

He delivers scores of speeches to scores of audiences without fee; he receives substantial fees for other speeches; he is paid handsomely for his frequent magazine articles, which invariably appear in publications with the largest circulations and the fattest budgets. There is a Minnesota Fund, jointly headed by Alfred Lindley, a Minneapolis lawyer, and Governor William Vanderbilt of Rhode Island, but its resources are accepted by Stassen only to finance a small research staff which assists in the preparation of background material. Stassen, determined that no one will have even the appearance of a lien on his political loyalty, permits no individual contribution to exceed \$1000.

Stassen thinks his own thoughts, writes his own speeches, pays his own way and relies on his own advice—and party regulars never like that kind of man.

Stassen's Leadership: Throughout his governorship Harold Stassen dealt directly with the voters. He regularly reported to the electorate over the radio on the state of their government, outlined issues which were coming up, suggested possible courses of action for himself and the legislature and invited the people to write their opinions or "call in to talk it over with the governor."

Stassen has the profound conviction that the people are qualified to grasp any issue and will respond constructively whenever the full facts and alternatives are laid before them. He urged a strong United Nations

equipped with teeth long before Roosevelt did. Stassen draws his political strength directly from the people whom he finds responsive to forthright leadership; but this is a kind of leadership which strikes fear in the hearts of old-line organization professionals who see political power thereby moving from their own hands to one who is invested with authority, not at their will, but at the people's will.

v

One of the strong appeals of the Stassen candidacy is that the nation is now faced, only on a larger scale, with much the same issues and same crises which he faced as governor of Minnesota. The problems are different in size but not in essence, and Stassen could address himself to them with experience.

In the wake of the Olson-Benson Farmer-Laborite régime in Minnesota, which crumbled from its own top-heavy corruption and laxity, the state was confronted with a wave of strikes and vandalism which had the ingredients of serious class strife and civil revolution.

Stassen preceded his governorship with two terms as prosecutor of Dakota County, and it was in this rôle that he headed into his first experience with strikes. The dairy farmers of nearby Iowa were up in arms over the low prices they were getting for their milk. They were not only withholding their milk from market but were hijacking dairy trucks and dumping milk on the

roads. An organizer had come over to Dakota County to get the local farmers there to join in the uprising and violence. He was addressing a mass meeting in a local hall. "Block the highways, spill the milk," he shouted. "If the county attorney gets in the way, run him out."

Here was the first hard decision Stassen had to make. He was sitting in the rear of the hall. He rose and pushed his way to the platform.

"The County Attorney is here," he began. He went on to say that he agreed that the dairy farmers were under-compensated. He pleaded with them to disband and pledged that he would act as their lawyer without charge. He announced that he would himself watch for and prosecute any violence. The peace was kept, the strike prevented and Stassen got the milk price raised thirty cents per hundred pounds.

As governor, Stassen's first labor action was to deflect a reactionary, oppressive anti-labor statute which was being pressed in the legislature. His next was to secure passage in its place of his own Labor Peace Plan, better known as the Count Ten Act. Its heart is a "cooling-off" period: there must be a ten-day waiting period before a strike can be called and during that period the state's mediative machinery can be put to work. There is a thirty-day waiting period before a strike may be called if the governor declares that it would affect the public interest. There are no final sanctions; the ultimate right

to strike is not revoked. It worked overwhelmingly well in a state which was once rife with employer-employee bitterness and strife. Following the law's adoption, strikes dropped 70 per cent, and while labor talked against it, Stassen found himself supported by both the AFL and the CIO when he ran for his third term in 1942. Harold Stassen holds that Republican policy should not be "anti-labor" and that none of labor's basic freedoms should be infringed. He calls for laws requiring regular union elections by secret ballot, labor courts to settle jurisdictional strikes, laws requiring unions to respect their contracts, strict accountability of union funds, and a cooling-off period before strikes.

It is with this unusually pertinent background of experience, and with the purposes and motives here discussed, that Harold Stassen is frankly seeking the Republican Presidential nomination in 1948.

What are his chances? The judgment of most political writers is that they are far from good. The findings of the public opinion polls show Governor Dewey and Mr. Stassen bracketed at the top of the Republican voters' choice for the nomination

and Senators Bricker and Taft bracketed at the bottom of rank-and-file preference. The political realities are that Governor Dewey, Senator Taft and Senator Bricker all have far-and-away better prospects of winning the nomination than Mr. Stassen. Stassen has many Republicans for him but he appears to have more influential Republicans against him than any of the other leading aspirants. Stassen may have 100 pledged delegates when the convention opens — it takes 530 to nominate — but Governor Dewey controls New York, Joe Pew controls Pennsylvania, Colonel McCormick controls Illinois, Taft and Bricker control Ohio and Warren controls California. Somebody will have to yield; and there is little sign that any of these will yield to Stassen.

Conceivably, if the Republican prospects for 1948 grow a little less roseate, if the veterans' vote mobilizes behind the only veteran in the GOP top ranks, if foreign tensions loom so grave as to demand a man of Stassen's international grasp and vision — then the man from Minnesota might emerge on top.

Stassen thinks his chances are good. He has made them good every time so far. He *could* do it again.



THE RAPE OF MANCHURIA

BY GEORGE MOORAD

A LARGE granite shaft surmounted by a full-scale bronze model of a Soviet K. V. tank towers over the broken, ravished city of Mukden in Manchuria. The inscription on the shaft, dated October 1945, reads: "Eternal glory to the heroes of the tank corps who fell fighting Japanese imperialism for the honor and victory of the Soviet Union."

The tank is a memorial to ten Russians whose names are inscribed in bronze upon the massive monument. It can serve also as an apt symbol for the Soviet conquest of Chinese Manchuria, a land that once was one of the world's great food baskets, that formerly produced more iron and coal than all of China combined, that once was the industrial heart of Asia.

Manchuria is none of those things today. It was untouched when the Japanese surrendered, but nearly eighteen months of Soviet stewardship have reduced it to chaos. Little was overlooked, except for the strategic port areas of Dairen and Port Arthur, which the Soviets apparently

intend to sequester permanently for their own use. Industrial Manchuria has been stripped and ruined; it is a land of scorched earth.

I am one of perhaps twenty-five Americans who saw Manchuria under Soviet occupation. It was in the last days of the greatest looting project of this generation, when daily trainloads and boat convoys of food, machinery and raw materials were still departing for Russia. Under the eyes of the Red Army, in the company of the first handful of Chinese officials to arrive in Manchuria from Chungking, I inspected the remains of industrial Mukden. It looked as if a plague of steel-and-concrete-eating termites had passed through.

Through the connivance of the Chinese we reached Mukden uninvited by the Soviets, but we were welcomed heartily by Lieutenant General Andrei Kovtun-Stankevich. The commandant allowed us to stay in the luxurious Yamato Hotel; a small brass sign outside read: "In-tourist Hotel of Moscow, USSR."

GEORGE MOORAD worked as a press and radio correspondent in Moscow during the war, and was an observer of the Red Army occupation in Rumania and Manchuria. His account of his experiences as a correspondent with the Russians, *Behind the Iron Curtain*, was published last fall by Fireside Press.

It faces the broad, tree-lined Nanivadori Boulevard, now renamed Stalin Prospect. There was no water for plumbing or washing because the Russians had taken the generators from the giant Yalu River hydro-electric project, but we were given good food and plenty of Japanese beer. We sat in the main dining room, which was patronized also by Red Army officers with clanking sidearms, and a few Russian civilians and women. Chinese were not allowed in the hotel. (They are also forbidden to ride first-class trains in Soviet-occupied Chinese Manchuria.) The servants were Japanese who jumped at the scrape of a chair and were trying desperately to learn the Russian language.

Kovtun-Stankevich, who carries the name of a noble family, is built like a beer-keg. His great chest was adorned with dangling medals, including a decoration for the siege of Budapest and the American Legion of Merit. He gave us the Soviet equivalent of complete freedom: permission to see everything except what we wanted most to see. He told us that the giant Mukden arsenal, the air-fields and aircraft factories, the British and American industrial properties — about 10 per cent of Mukden's factories — were still under guard. He said, with a grin and a clatter of medals, that these places were closed because "bad people might damage them." He also volunteered the information that we might find Mukden a dirty and dangerous place.

"This is due," he said solemnly, "to the low culture of the Chinese."

Mukden was indeed dirty; and it certainly had been dangerous. In the suburbs we saw several batches of blackened, swollen corpses upon which dogs had been feeding. They had been there for months, somewhat preserved by the cold but nevertheless too old to permit nationality to be distinguished. Some wore uniforms and some civilian clothing; our Chinese escorts claimed that in the first days of terror the Russians had shot ally and enemy without prejudice. The Chinese — a governmental group of six whom the Soviets had permitted to enter — said that in the three weeks which had elapsed since their arrival they had paid coolies to cover up six thousand corpses.

Removing the filth was more difficult. General Stankevich estimated that 400,000 tons of garbage had accumulated; some downtown streets were completely blocked off by refuse. But there was no transport to move it. All of the city's six hundred buses had vanished, all but twelve of its two hundred tramcars were gone, and all private vehicles had been requisitioned by the Red Army.

Mukden was mile after mile of skeletons and emptiness, shells of buildings, frameworks of factories in which great holes had been gouged to permit the passage of machinery. Mukden in its heyday, when the Russians entered, represented 40 per cent of the industry of Manchuria, which in turn was roughly equal to that in all

the rest of China. It produced or handled four million tons of steel and iron annually, as well as three and a half million tons of synthetic petroleum; handled fifteen million tons of coal from the nearby Fushun mines; manufactured a hundred planes a month; had automobile plants, textile and rubber and aluminum mills, breweries and the largest tobacco factories in Asia. In its giant warehouses, the Japanese said, six million tons of grain had been stored. All this had vanished. We were told by the last surviving missionary in Mukden, a Norwegian, that forty thousand persons, mostly Japanese women and children, had died of starvation during the early winter of 1945-46.

II

Mukden — in fact, all of industrial Manchuria except Dairen — was built up from the ground during fourteen years of Japanese occupation. The Imperial government and the Japanese monopolies poured out billions of yen building a series of model communities, each devoted to special industries, around the core of the old city.

When the Russians entered, Mukden had 5000 factories, of which there were 900 employing more than 200 workers. Now, the Chinese in our party estimated, two thirds of the smaller industrial plants had been stripped clean and 90 per cent of the larger ones were damaged or completely destroyed. Most of the big

factories were of course exclusively Japanese. The smaller firms were often financed with Chinese capital. (Chinese and Manchus have always made up more than 90 per cent of Manchuria's population.)

Red guards with tommy-guns prevented our seeing the Manchuria Optical Company, which manufactured fire-control glasses, or the Mukden Electrical Manufacturing company, a former affiliate of General Motors. We were allowed into the office section of the huge British-American Tobacco Company, where we were told officially that no machinery had been removed. However, one of the Chinese managers apparently thought the Americans were returning to Mukden and he tried to interpolate another version of what had happened. Someone got him aside and suggested discreetly that he come to Chinese headquarters.

He did appear the next morning at nine o'clock. His name was Sun Chu-sheng. He was a friendly little man with a nervous, typically-Chinese habit of jiggling his knees as he talked. He said that an unknown person had already called him and advised him not to talk to the Americans. But he had worked for the British-American owners for many years and he apparently felt it a duty to make a report. His story was not startling: 25 per cent of the equipment had been taken and the rest of the factory was making standardized cigarettes for the Red Army.

This was the last report Sun Chu-

sheng ever made for his old employers. He was shot on his way home.

We talked with dozens of Chinese, Japanese and White Russian residents who had watched or assisted the Red Army looters, and from all our conversations the same fact emerged: the Soviets had worked frantically to complete the work by November 15, 1945. Before that date they had shipped north into Russia a daily average of two hundred freight cars loaded with machinery and foodstuffs. Then there was a lull in operations. Some Russian troops were withdrawn in December, only to return and continue the stripping, which lasted well into 1946.

The significance of this deadline, which the Russians first expected to honor, lay in the wording of the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance, signed in Moscow on August 14, the day that Japan surrendered. This treaty confirmed and supplanted the famous secret clause of the Yalta agreement, which states that Russian claims on the Kurile Islands and Manchuria "will be unquestionably fulfilled after the surrender of Japan."

Appended in the form of minutes to this treaty, signed by Dr. T. V. Soong for China and Marshal Stalin for the Soviet Union, is the following account of their conversation:

Generalissimo Stalin would not like to have a clause in the agreement governing the entry of Soviet troops into Manchuria which provides for the withdrawal of Soviet troops after the defeat of Japan. However, he said that after the capitula-

tion of Japan, the Soviet troops would commence to withdraw within three weeks.

Dr. Soong also asked whether the withdrawal would be definitely completed within three months. Generalissimo Stalin stated three months would be the maximum for the completion of the withdrawal.

III

After our first tour, Kovtun-Stankevich again received us and spoke with frankness, perhaps more than the Kremlin intended. At first he pretended ignorance and disinterest in the factories, the arsenal or the nine city airfields which had been torn up or dynamited, and he asked why we didn't visit the museums or churches. Then he said: "As far as Japanese military industry is concerned, this is a Big Three decision. We would not leave it here, and so it happens some has been taken away. This was agreed by the Big Three at Yalta and Berlin."

In the same oblique fashion, the General also admitted that the Japanese Army in Manchuria, something over half a million men, had been deported to Siberia. This was common knowledge in Mukden, Dairen and Harbin, where the defeated Japanese were assembled, cleaned of personal possessions and loaded into boxcars, but Kovtun-Stankevich was the first and I think the only Soviet official to admit it.

The Soviet plan was not entirely transitory. When the looting was nearly finished, they began to put pressure on the Chinese government, pitting the Chinese Communists against it. They asked for an extension

of the terms of the treaty, beyond the agreed-upon joint control of railways and development of Port Arthur, to include fifty-fifty control and ownership of mines, state resources and inland waterways, and free and unrestricted purchase or other acquisition of property by Soviet citizens.

Even Mukden, a high-water mark in the Soviet advance, had its NKVD and commercial representatives of the Amtorg trading society and the Dalbank. An old tsarist trading firm, I. I. Tschurin Company, was reorganized to absorb Japanese government interests and the private interests of Mitsui and Mitsubishi.

Considerable progress was soon made. The Tschurin firm, which under the Japanese régime consisted of three trading and delicatessen stores, suddenly acquired fifteen main offices in as many Manchurian cities. They had become manufacturers and sellers of steel, alcohol, soap, beer, vodka, paper and automobiles. At the time of our visit, the Soviet president of the firm, John Demin, was in the United States negotiating for the purchase of American ships.

The Mukden manager, Herman Poliakov, with unconscious humor, explained to us: "We're now free to do business which, so to speak, is legal."

Poliakov said that in broken Mukden, where Chinese industry could not get raw materials and transportation facilities, he was finding no difficulty obtaining iron ore, steel and transportation. He had merely to

apply to the railway administration to get freight cars "easily." He declared that Mukden had not been robbed but "pulled to pieces by the local inhabitants," adding that none of the Tschurin properties had been damaged because they had had their own guards.

This Poliakov, like the general's interpreter, Alexis Kowalenko, was a new Soviet citizen, a lifelong refugee from the Bolsheviks. There are in Manchuria more than 100,000 ex-refugees like Poliakov, Russians whose friends and families fled or were shot or disenfranchised by the Bolsheviks. They have been among the most bitter enemies Communism ever had. Some of them fought against the Soviets by joining the Japanese-sponsored White Guards; many of them hoped desperately that Hitler would win.

It was expected that when the Soviets occupied Manchuria most, if not all, of these White Russian refugees would be liquidated. Quite the contrary: only General Semenoff, the prominent anti-Soviet, and about a hundred of his closest associates were shot or sent to Siberia; the rest were offered special Soviet citizenship certificates (with a promise that they would not have to return to Russia) for a fee of fifty cents, the pick of Japanese or Chinese housing, and jobs with the railway administration or Soviet-controlled industries.

These refugees now provide the Soviets with a reliable and effective fifth column in Manchuria. They

cannot escape. Most of them have lived in China for twenty-five years. They speak the language and have become tough and versatile in Oriental ways. Few refugees could refuse the Soviet offer. Out of a thousand refugees in Mukden, only one, a middle-aged nurse in the former mission hospital, said no to the Red Army squads which canvassed the city with application forms.

IV

The Russians had various schemes to acquire property.

Mayor Dung Wen-hai, one of the first Chinese to arrive from Chungking, was asked by General Stankevich to sign over to the Soviet Far East Economic Bureau title to fifteen large Japanese buildings, including the Yamato Hotel. The mayor protested. After hours of argument, he escaped by promising to deliver an answer at 11 the next morning. As he left his hotel for the appointment, a bullet whizzed over his head. At the general's headquarters he said he had no authority to make such a deal, and suggested that the Russians take up the matter on higher levels. The mayor then returned to his hotel to find that his room at the Yamato had been entered, his radio taken and telephone disconnected; he was ordered to move out.

Mayor Dung, a graduate engineer, estimated that close to a half-million tons of machinery had been stolen from Mukden and Changchun, from the great steel town of Anshan, from

hydroelectric projects on the Yalu River, and from the Fushun colliery. He felt that half of Mukden's ruined factories could be repaired in a year with sufficient American aid; otherwise it would take more than five years.

The Russians were also "buying" property with occupation money which they printed in Mukden lithographing plants. He had no figures or proof, but Mayor Dung charged that the Soviets had run off ten billions in occupation dollars in the first three months of their visit. This was pronounced to have the same value as Japanese money, which was still in circulation, and the same as Chinese occupation currency which was being printed at another Mukden plant. The result was monetary chaos beyond description, and yet crowds of shivering Japanese women and children gathered outside our hotel each morning to offer us pieces of clothing, their last pitiful possessions, in exchange for bundles of the paper.

Chi Jo-lan, director of the Mukden branch of the Changchun railway, was allowed to have an office in the station, but the railway was operated by Russians and Japanese. Chi told us that nearly all the rolling stock had disappeared from the Chinese section between Mukden and Chinchow; what remained was damaged. The Russians held the large locomotive repair shops at Mukden and Dairen, into which the Chinese feared to send cars lest they be requisitioned. Conditions were much better on northern sections of the Changchun and South

Manchurian railways, which were and still are in Soviet hands. According to Chi, the Japanese had surrendered 16,000 railway cars and 2000 locomotives, of which at that time the Chinese had recovered 400 cars and 196 locomotives in various states of damage and disrepair.

Lieutenant General Peng Pi-sheng, commander of a national government army which was not allowed to enter the city limits, was a tiny, round-faced little man. But his courage was large. Coldly and precisely, General Peng told us about the Fushun Incident about which all of China was then talking.

A prominent Chungking official named Chang Hsin-fu, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a top Chinese engineer, was one of the first to enter Manchuria as assistant to Chiang Kiangnau, the chief delegate. After prolonged discussions at Changchun, it was arranged that Chang should go to the Fushun mines accompanied by Lieutenant General Malee of the Red Army. They stopped at the Yamato Hotel in Mukden, where the Soviet officer said he would go on to Fushun, about forty miles, to see if conditions were safe. Chang waited five days without receiving word from Malee. The Soviet officer in the meantime telegraphed Chiang Kiangnau in Changchun, charging that his deputy, Chang, was afraid to go to the mines. Chiang immediately telephoned Chang and upbraided him for cowardice.

Chang told the Soviets he wanted to go to Fushun at once, and they agreed. An escort was sent to meet him at the station; they seized him and returned him to the hotel, where he managed a final telephone call to Mayor Dung, saying: "I have already lost my freedom."

His compatriots did not see Chang again, but they claim to have sent a secret agent who at midnight on January 19 saw the Russians take the engineer from the hotel and place him in a compartment on a train to Fushun. Seven Red Army men also went into the compartment and locked the door. As the train halted at a little spot called Plum Stone Village, the Russians unlocked the compartment and went into another coach. A group of Chinese who had been waiting on the station platform took Chang from the compartment and bayoneted him repeatedly.

The killing was allegedly witnessed by villagers, the secret agent who was riding the roof of the train in coolie clothing, and it was confirmed by Japanese railway workers. In any event, the Russians did not deny it. They merely said that Chang's body was difficult to return since it had been exposed for some time and was horribly mutilated by dogs.

General Peng believed that the Soviets had not yet decided to give the remains of Manchuria to the Chinese Communists, but were still open to a deal with the national government. "If we refuse," he said, "the Russians will finish the destruc-

tion and slowly withdraw, trying to maneuver the Chinese Communists into position ahead of government troops. But they don't wish any Chinese party to be strong, so they will leave our Reds very little, just enough with which to fight."

Peng's private conversations with General Stankevich were more frank and revealing than our own. The Russian had told him: "It is my personal opinion that we will stay here as long as the Americans remain in North China. Besides, we wish to assist the Chinese in bandit suppression."

v

Our best eyewitness story of the rape of Manchuria came from a Russian refugee, an engineer who had participated in the removal of the great steel mills at Anshan and later was sent to Dairen as an interpreter.

Anshan had been one of the prime targets for American B-29s based in China, but was little damaged by the raids. It lies about midway between Mukden and Dairen. Most of its 80,000 Chinese and Japanese population was employed in the great mines and mills which were in full production when the Russians arrived. The mills consisted of nine blast furnaces and rolling mills, a large machine-tool shop, a power station, an ore-dressing plant, four giant coke-ovens, three chemical plants producing synthetic benzine and a scientific research institute. There was a network of electric cars connecting the steel

mills with the mines and a large repair shop for cars and locomotives. Next to Mukden, Anshan was probably the juiciest plum in Manchuria.

Anshan was apparently looted in a precise and scientific manner. Our informant said that a staff of fifty officer-engineers, called Group Kusaroff after their commanding officer, Colonel Caesar Kusaroff, arrived in Anshan on September 20. After inspecting the works for three days, they announced that two thirds of the plant would be dismantled and shipped out by October 28. The stripping exceeded the two-thirds estimate, so the deadline was set forward to November 4 and work was actually finished on November 6. Sixty trains were used to convey the loot from Anshan to Dairen. About 80 per cent of Anshan was thus removed.

The Russian told us of frantic activity at Dairen as the Soviets strove to remove their loot before the Americans and Chinese might insist that the port be opened to free commerce under the treaty provisions. Time was short, the workmen unskilled and transportation so limited that tanks had to be used to pull delicate machinery. Consequently some was damaged, about 20 per cent, our Russian estimated.

The mystery of Dairen excited our interest, and so two of our party, Dick Cushing of the Associated Press and Sergeant Dick Wilson, formerly of *Stars and Stripes*, became the first Americans to enter Dairen merely by

purchasing a ticket and catching a train from Mukden. They were quite unmolested on the journey, but of course they were picked up by the NKVD immediately they applied for rooms at the Yamato Hotel, now the Red Star.

The story of their eighteen hours in the mystery port, after which they were returned to Mukden with an escort of tommy-gunners, has been published. But the statements of the Soviet commandant, Lieutenant General Georgi Kirilovich Koslov, bear repeating since he expressed what is still the attitude of Soviet authorities at Dairen, which is designated by treaty as: "A free port open to the commerce and shipping of all nations. . . . The administration of Dairen shall belong to China."

General Koslov had little of the *savoir faire* of our host in Mukden. He blustered and shouted. His visitors produced orders signed by the American China Command, but Koslov insisted that a Soviet visa was necessary. "All the world knows the details of the treaty," he declared. "During wartime we Russians are responsible for the security of the Shantung peninsula." (Evidently he meant to say "Liaotung peninsula," on which Dairen is located, and not "Shantung peninsula," which is largely held by Chinese Communists.)

Cushing objected: "I thought Manchuria belonged to China." "This is Soviet-leased territory," Koslov replied.

The views of the American State

Department concerning Manchuria have undergone some remarkable changes. On February 10, 1946, six months after the Russian arrival and three months after the deadline on which they had promised to get out, Secretary Byrnes stated: "We have no official report on Manchuria." Ten months later, in December 1946, an American naval vessel was rudely ordered out of port by the Russians "within twenty minutes or we will not be responsible for the consequences"; a State Department spokesman in Washington declared at the time that the Soviets were within their legal rights. There was then a quick change of mind, for on January 6, 1947, the United States formally called upon both China and Russia promptly to open up Dairen.

The Chinese ambassador to the United States, Dr. Wellington Koo, put it very gently when he repeated, on January 9, 1947, a plea for prompt restoration of Dairen to Chinese control, adding his opinion of the secret Yalta agreement: ". . . a curious and practically unique instance of one ally asking a price of another at the expense of a third for cooperation in what was morally and politically a common cause."

Manchuria is indeed a curious and unique example of international robbery. It is the most shabby and dishonorable piece of political conniving that has yet emerged from World War II. It is a crime for which America, with the Soviet Union, must bear full moral responsibility.

THE REAL ESTATE LOBBY

BY ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

LAST September 10 a handful of real estate men met in Washington and demanded that National Housing Expediter Wilson W. Wyatt be fired.

By December 2 the National Association of Real Estate Boards was so sure of compliance with its wishes that it proclaimed in its weekly news letter, *Headlines*: "Wilson Wyatt is a dead duck."

On December 4 Wilson Wyatt was a dead duck. Within two weeks his program for relieving the acute shortage of low- and medium-priced housing was as dead as Wyatt. He had committed the political error of making an honest fight to get housing for the families that need it most. He wanted plenty of houses costing about \$6000 and low-rent public housing for people who couldn't afford anything near that price.

The real estate lobby wants high-cost, high-profit housing. By eliminating Wyatt and his program the lobby again proved itself one of the most effective pressure groups in Washington. Its operations affect every American family that has a roof over its head. In the past ten years the lobby has (1) forced the resignation of Nathan Straus and almost every other

head of the public housing program; (2) blocked the appropriation of any further funds for low-rent housing since passage of the United States Housing Act in 1937; (3) defeated the Wagner-Ellender-Taft general housing bill in the last session of Congress; (4) wrecked the veterans' emergency housing program that Wyatt was pushing; and (5) forced the Truman administration to abandon virtually every control over real estate and building except rent control — the lobby's current objective.

The real estate lobby has three organizations out in front. They maintain large staffs in Washington, well fed with funds from the hinterland; publish news letters and bulletins to keep their members throughout the country in a state of alarm and activity, utilize the press and radio, keep in close touch with congressmen, and distribute quantities of pamphlet material. The three agencies are:

1. The National Association of Real Estate Boards, for which Executive Vice-President Herbert U. Nelson is chief spokesman. This is the organization that proudly coined the term "realtor" to elevate the chins of its 34,338 members in 866 local boards.

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The man who buys or sells a house for you is probably a realtor. NAREB has about 20 employees in its Chicago headquarters and a staff of 28 in Washington. Its fighting arm is the Realtors Washington Committee which is seeking a minimum campaign fund of \$170,000 for 1947 to be raised by a \$5 levy on every member. This, of course, is in addition to NAREB's regular budget.

2. The National Foundation of Home and Property Owners, led by Arthur W. Binns, Philadelphia builder, who said last summer that the organization had about a quarter-million dollars, a Washington staff of 30 and paid staffs in 32 state offices. The Foundation is a new catch-all group sired by NAREB to recruit people of its turn of mind who are not in the business of buying and selling real estate. Its membership partly duplicates the rolls of established real estate organizations but the Foundation will admit anybody who holds clear title to a chicken coop or cemetery lot. Binns has talked about raising \$5 million, if necessary, to kill low-rent public housing.

3. The National Association of Home Builders, guided by Executive Vice-President Frank W. Cortright. Its 10,370 members represent the residential construction industry in the larger cities — the big and little firms that undertake subdivisions, apartment house developments and erection of scattered dwellings. The association has elaborate offices in Washington and spends freely on

pamphlets attacking low-rent housing.

Although the Real Estate Boards, Home Builders and the National Foundation of Home and Property Owners generate about 90 per cent of the tumult and shouting, the strength of the real estate lobby lies with the financial and business groups in the background: the American Bankers Association, representing 96 per cent of the nation's banks; the Mortgage Bankers Association, controlling 70 per cent of the mortgage money available from life insurance companies, banks, trust companies, mortgage companies and title companies; the Producers Council, spokesman for leading manufacturers of building materials and equipment; the United States Savings and Loan League, representing more than 3600 savings and loan associations; and the United States Chamber of Commerce.

II

It was once widely believed that people lived in slums because they were too lazy to move or simply liked the cozy atmosphere. A more reliable explanation is based on the fact that in 1939 one-third of the non-farm population had incomes of less than \$1000 per family, and even in 1939 it was hard to find a standard house at less than \$18 a month.

When Congress launched public housing in 1937, the slums had been growing for a century and all efforts to curb them by laws and inspections had failed. The public housing program was designed to get rid of slums

by tearing them down and building decent homes for their occupants.

This work was done, not by a Federal bureaucracy, but by local housing authorities, usually appointed by the mayor. These chose sites, built houses, selected tenants and owned and managed the projects. Money for construction and site purchase was borrowed partly from the Federal government, partly from private investors. At first private capital was cautious, but within a few years the local housing authorities were marketing their bonds to private syndicates at rates far below the 2.5 per cent charged by the Federal government.

Rents were set at typical slum levels, averaging less than \$20 a month with utilities included. Instead of basing rents upon the number of rooms, the local housing authorities scaled their charges to family income and granted lower rents to families with three or more minor children.

The difference between rental income and the cost of good housing was met by two subsidies: cash from the Federal government and tax-exemption from the municipality. Congress limited the federal subsidy to \$28 million a year or about \$13 a month per family. Actually, the subsidies paid from 1937 through 1944 totaled only \$38 million because low-income families were able to pay higher rents from war earnings and because many of the scheduled low-rent projects were turned over to war workers who paid normal rents.

City officials found that tax-exemp-

tion didn't hurt as much as they had thought. Slum areas have always been notoriously poor revenue producers, and when the local housing authorities began making voluntary payments in lieu of taxes — payments that exceeded the sums previously collected from the sites — the faces of city and county treasurers broke into smiles.

All told, 170,000 dwellings were built. Pre-war projects for low-income families totaled 105,000 dwellings and war workers were temporarily housed in the balance of 65,000.

Long before the end of the war, housing experts within and without the government saw the need for a vast program of home building. Senate committees studied the problem for more than two years. The result was the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill (S. 1592), introduced in 1945.

III

Unlike the housing act of 1937, which dealt with low-rent housing only, S. 1592 was a general bill. The urban low-rent program was limited to 125,000 dwellings a year over a four-year period. Added to the 170,000 existing low-rent dwellings, that would have meant 670,000 family units as compared with the 10 million urban standard houses. The maximum additional cost in Federal subsidies for the urban program would have been \$88 million a year over a 45-year period, the probable cost much less. Senator Taft pointed out that the total was well under 1 per cent of the peace-time budget.

S. 1592 was designed to promote nine times as much private housing as public housing. A private program of 1,125,000 dwellings a year was contemplated. To attain this unprecedented figure, the bill liberalized the terms for FHA insurance on lower-cost houses to help families in the \$30-\$50 rental bracket; provided for government aid to private developers in acquiring large tracts of blighted land for redevelopment; established a permanent National Housing Agency with power to conduct research on building costs and techniques; and encouraged the organization of mutual housing projects.

S. 1592 would have enabled a family to buy a house with a 5 per cent down payment, instead of the present 10 per cent, if the FHA-insured mortgage did not exceed \$5000. The bill provided for 32- (instead of 25) year amortization and limited interest to 4 per cent as against the current 4.5 per cent. Mortgage payments could be deferred for a maximum of three one-year periods if the family were hit by unemployment or other hardship. In the original draft the contractor was required to give a one-year guarantee against any defects.

These provisions were not radical. But they would have made it easier for middle-income families to buy and keep a house. A \$5000 dwelling with a \$4750 mortgage at the anticipated 3.5 per cent interest rate would have cost \$39.25 a month — \$21.76 for financing, \$17.49 for taxes, maintenance and insurance. That's 10 per cent under

present costs. A \$4000 house would have cost \$32.52 monthly for the 32 years.

For urban redevelopment, the bill created a \$20 million fund which would have enabled cities to clear about \$1250 million worth of slums. The sites would be rebuilt with private and public housing costing some \$5 billion. It was estimated that this plan would eliminate about one-tenth of the 6.8 million urban slum dwellings.

The real estate lobby had rough going at the Senate hearings. The favorite charge of socialism sounded a bit silly when Robert T. Veit, a partner in the New York securities firm of Shields and Company, described his enthusiasm for local housing authority bonds:

We believe in private enterprise, quite clearly. On the other hand, I might say we also believe in creating as many stock and bond buyers as we can get. We think that anything, if it is not carried to extremes, if it tends to raise the average well-being of the American people, is in the interest of all the people. In other words, you take a certain number of people and put them in better housing and they are going to be better people.

Joseph E. Merriam, president of the National Association of Home Builders, tried a new line of attack. The bill was "definitely inflationary, calling for the initial expenditure of an estimated \$6022 million of the taxpayers' money." A little later he cited \$5985 million as the ultimate cost over 45 years. The \$37 million discrepancy and the multiplication trick

interested Senator Hugh B. Mitchell of Washington:

MITCHELL: How does that jibe with your earlier statement? In one place you say the initial expenditure is \$6022 million and in another place you say the 45-year program is \$5985 million.

MERRION: I think it is an initial earmarking.

MITCHELL: Actually, the initial authorization is only \$510 million for repayable loans, \$143 million for annual contributions, and \$37.5 million for research?

MERRION: Yes.

MITCHELL: And that is quite a far cry from \$6 billion is it not?

MERRION: Well, that is breaking it down.

MITCHELL: But you actually use \$6 billion to scare the public — that is the reason you put it in that item?

MERRION: I do not think the public should be misled.

IV

After hundreds of pages of testimony like that, it was not surprising that the Senate committee reported the bill favorably and the Senate passed it. The real estate lobby had no chance in a committee that included two of the bill's three authors. And Senators are not apt to bend their ears to a banker's whisper with the alertness shown by many representatives.

The lobby counted on winning in the House Banking and Currency

Committee. It counted rightly. Nobody can prove that it was pressure from the lobby which delayed hearings until adjournment was near but there is good reason to think so.

When hearings finally began, the committee set a precedent by scrupulously observing the House rules. Indeed, the rules were so carefully heeded that the committee made no discernible progress whatsoever. Day after day, a conscientious member would point out that a quorum was lacking or that the committee was meeting when the House was in session. The three most indefatigable raisers of points of order were Representatives Frank L. Sundstrom (N. J.), Howard H. Buffett (Neb.) and Frederick C. Smith (Ohio). Mr. Smith was an active member of the National Foundation of Home and Property Owners, the agency sired by the Real Estate Boards. He and his fellow objectors are Republicans, but just as the bill had bi-partisan sponsorship, so was the knifing a bi-partisan job. President Truman wrote letters to Congressmen in support of the bill, yet his efforts were more perfunctory than potent.

As adjournment came closer the labor, welfare, civic and religious organizations backing S. 1592 pressed for action — now, when there would be a chance to start building before winter. The House committee felt it should not act without extensive hearings. The demand for words without end came in thousands of letters and telegrams, prompted by the Washington staffs of the real estate lobby.

Congress adjourned at the end of July and S. 1592 was defunct.

The key to the real estate lobby's philosophy is the subsidy. If government spends to build and operate low-rent housing on a non-profit basis, the subsidy is a socialistic evil. But if government spends to buy blighted land and resell it at a loss for private development and private profit, the subsidy becomes a bulwark of private enterprise.

In New York City, for example, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has taken a \$25 million subsidy (in the form of tax remission) on its Stuyvesant Town project without bringing Chairman Frederick H. Ecker a jot closer to the thinking of the late Eugene V. Debs.

For years Herb Nelson and other lobbyists have been pleading for a government handout. Private enterprise cannot rebuild our cities without it, they argue. By and large they are right because slum sites are too costly.

A reporter recently asked Publicity Director Walton Onslow of the Home Builders, publisher of many pamphlets attacking public housing, for some literature explaining NAHB's alternative to public housing.

"Don't embarrass me," Onslow grinned. "But maybe this will help you. We're in favor of this."

He gave the reporter a pamphlet called *The Detroit Plan*. It told how the city proposed to buy a blighted area for \$3,750,000, clear it, and sell the land to private developers at one-quarter of the cost. The city would

ultimately recover its loss through higher tax payments from the improved property.

Ironically, the pamphlet was issued by the Detroit Housing Commission, which is the local housing authority in charge of "socialistic" housing. Still more ironically, the pamphlet endorsed the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill.

The public housing people are quite willing for private enterprise to handle the bigger part of slum reclamation, with a government subsidy for site acquisition. But, say the public housers, there must be enough low-rent housing for the displaced families, since \$5-a-room slum dwellers cannot pay \$20 or more per room for the new private housing.

The real estate lobby has never offered any sound proposal for rehousing displaced families or slum dwellers in general. Its only suggestion has been the rent certificate plan, whereby low-income families would be declared paupers and the municipality would issue certificates which landlords would convert into cash. The social disadvantages and the profit opportunities are so obvious that it is doubtful whether even the lobby takes its scheme seriously.

v

Ten years ago a principal lobbyist wrote a revealing self-portrait in the reports he sent to friends and associates while touring Italy and Germany. One excerpt:

The new Italy is rising swiftly from the ruins and disorder of the old. In cities such

as Genoa and Florence it is impressive to see entire blocks of ramshackle and unhealthy old apartments being torn down and replaced by fine new structures. Demolition is carried on by the government which clears out the slums and arranges for compensation to the owners. New building is carried on almost entirely by private enterprise, which takes over the cleared land by purchase or lease. Loans are available running at 4 per cent for terms as long as 60 years. But the biggest help of all is a 25-year tax exemption on all new construction. This has made the real estate field very attractive for conservative investment.

The author was Herbert U. Nelson, then and now executive vice-president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and the dominant figure of the real estate lobby. He fails to point out that Mussolini benefited private real estate only at the expense of the slum dwellers. The poor Italians had to move when the wrecking crews came.

Herb Nelson is fond of quoting the old New England adage, "Democracy ends five miles from the village pump." But when Mr. Nelson copies a plan from Mussolini's scrapbook, whereby government would function to enrich the rich while the slum dwellers continue to rot, it looks as if he has strayed a long way from the village pump.

Public housing experts who have observed the lobby's activities during the past ten years suggest two explanations of the die-hard fight against public housing:

1. Public housing does compete with the section of private enterprise that has invested money in slums. Studies in St. Louis, Jacksonville and other cities have shown that the annual return on slum investments is about 30 per cent.

2. Public housing is an embarrassing yardstick for inferior private housing. When low-income families can rent modern homes for \$18 a month, including utilities and playground space, families in the lower middle income group are apt to resent paying \$30 for poor housing.

These are cash considerations. Does the real estate lobby have anything like a social conscience? Maybe, but the record is barren of proof. The hard fact seems to be that the lobbyists don't care what happens to the millions of Americans whose lives are blighted by substandard private housing. Marie Antoinette was more compassionate than George W. West of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce who, when pressed for a solution of the slum problem, finally declared: "Let the poor people live in poor houses."

THE TEMPER OF OUR AGE

BY L. RUTH MIDDLEBROOK

WE HAD just opened the house, so we piled the fireplace high with the first of the apple logs. The children had brought them in earlier in the day as their contribution to what has become an early June ritual in our household. For them it meant the beginning of a long summer — of tramps in light rain, and rounded rainbows across the hills, and swimming and badminton, and a fresh coat of paint for the small boat they had helped their father build a few summers back.

It was a happy, exciting moment; there was something wonderfully immediate about it. For to children time is two-dimensional. There is the present and the future — today and tomorrow. Yesterday is the stomachache you had after all those blackberries you devoured in the bramble patch, or the crack of thunder in the night that frightened you. Tomorrow is the shiny new bicycle you're going to take up that old road you've always wanted to explore.

But to us that first armful of apple logs meant something else. It meant release from the city where clocks

never stop and life whirls by at four hundred miles a minute. It was a division in time, with our small son donning his first long dungarees and our young daughter crowding her teens and piling her yellow braids high on her head.

Outside there was a golden glow in the sunset over West Mountain and a heavy tang of thyme in the air. The 6:58 express we heard in the distance reminded us that tonight it was leaving the Berkshires for New York without us. Soon it was lost somewhere in the hollow of the hills and we returned to the ceremony of spinning out our first night before the fire as long as possible.

Young Jonathan tried on last year's summer togs to show us how much he had grown in the twelve months that had slipped by. His sister Judy was eyeing the tennis shoes the dog had mauled and wondering whether they would hold up another season. She spoke excitedly about a forthcoming visit from her three inseparable friends and was already bribing her brother to let them have the boat to themselves that week.

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By nine o'clock, though, the slow warmth of the fire had diffused the room with a delicious drowsiness that sent the children to bed eagerly. They had taken their golden babble with them, leaving us to the sibilant crackle of the logs on the hearth. We felt like creatures out of another century, the timelessness and the sense of leisure wholly belying the events of yesterday and the rush of city life behind us. I had mentioned the contrast to S—. We smiled a little vaguely and began to wonder whether we had been born in the wrong age, or whether we were simply not reading our own right.

I don't know how the subject came up, but here we were talking — of all things — about "the durable satisfactions of life." As if people talked about such things any more! It reminded one of President Eliot of Harvard greeting an incoming freshman class in 1905. Now "the durable satisfactions of life" are obsolete. Man himself is obsolete. We have it on his own authority. Indeed, the atomic bomb is God, and Hiroshima its prophecy. That's the language one used nowadays, I was starting to say, when the book beside me slid to the floor. S— retrieved it and his eyes fell upon a page to which the book had of itself opened. Pericles of the Golden Age was saying to Aspasia:

Renewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who,

since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. . . .

To have lived with such men [Pindar, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Herodotus, Thucydides, etc.], to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. . . .

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me, remembering, as I do in the pride and fulness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness to me.

One of the noblest utterances ever made, I am sure. The whole man is there. Yet how many recognize it, or ever heard of the Walter Savage Landor who put those words into the mouth of Pericles?

In that moment I felt a nameless sense of loss for our age. The ability to see life steadily and as a whole, we used to call it back in those old-fashioned classroom days. We had not yet been conditioned against a Matthew Arnold. Even if the more rebellious of us had tired of his sweetness-and-light sermons on culture, we never felt that we had also to reject the sweet reasonableness of Arnold's thinking itself. Not all of us might have been clear on his distinctions between Hebraism and Hellenism, but none of us misread his definition of the Philistine. At least we knew that it was not the thing to be.

Nowadays it is different. We are no longer afraid of Arnold, and the voice of Sinclair Lewis, who once gave us George F. Babbitt, Philistine in modern dress, is strangely silent in the land. This is the century of

the common man; this is the atomic age. Now Arnold's "best that has been thought and said in the world" is for a handful of school teachers. As for the definition of a gentleman as one who must at least have forgotten the classics, what snob made that up? What could a Socrates have to say to us? Had he ever seen an airplane, attended an Army-Navy football game, been to a movie, met Miss America, subscribed to a book club or heard of Leo Durocher? Poor Socrates. He's like those other unfortunates who, as the advertisements warn us, "are missing plenty if they don't read the New York *Herald Tribune*."

I keep wondering. Has the temper of our age so deteriorated that we have lost all affinity with the ancient world? Can it have been so wrong and are we so right that we can afford to exchange Socrates for Dale Carnegie and Prometheus for Joe Louis? Charles Lamb, the nineteenth century essayist, and William Godwin, the social philosopher, once got into a warm dispute over which was better — "Man as he was, or man as he is to be." Lamb settled it quickly: "Give me man as he is *not* to be." An answer, I should say, instinct with prophecy — as if he could see time around the bend in the river and did not like what he saw.

II

A few years ago, on one of those golden summer days in fairy-tale settings, a young friend and I were

on a trip to the Middle West. As we reached the foothills of the Appalachians the sun was sinking, and sky and earth blended into an undulation of fast-gathering colors that were pure enchantment to my New York-fed eyes. Suddenly, I heard myself breaking the silence. "Oh, look!" I exclaimed, pointing vaguely at the horizon.

"Aren't they wonderful!" said my young friend. "They're the largest smokestacks in the world, you know."

I didn't know. I have since made that trip half a dozen times. I still cannot understand why, with a whole festival of sunset before him, one should be looking for smokestacks. Is there an instinct for the ugly as well as the beautiful?

The tragedy of our age, it seems to me, lies in that very continual looking for the wonder of life outside ourselves — in smokestacks. To the average man happiness is something you pay for rather than achieve. You go to a movie and you buy 83¢ worth of Clark Gable and Greer Garson, or you buy eighteen gallons of gas and in return you burn up 200 miles of the road. You buy, you get; you put money in a slot and out comes something; no money, no something.

Or else you "work" something. You twist a dial and Fred Allen makes you laugh; you twist it again, and Frank Sinatra tells you he will love you Sunday, Monday, and all the days of your dialling life. Another half-turn and a news commentator will even tell you what's going on in

the world so that you don't really have to read unless you have nothing better to do. And of course you don't write, you telegraph; you don't walk, you ride; and you don't ride if you can fly. You don't think, you bluster: the best defense is offense.

"No time for greatness!" S — interposed.

And probably there is more truth than jest here. Industry and advertising have combined to make us the most clock-conscious, gadget-ridden generation in the history of the human race. We are a nation of spendthrifts and "good sports": a people who always say yes, because we have never learned to say *no* with grace. And we pride ourselves on our ability to be realistic when it is only a habit of literalness we have taken on, a pinning down of truth and meaning to the immediately obvious. "I know what 'it' means well enough when I find a thing," said the Duck; "it's generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?" Our inquisitor here, the reader will remember, is one of the birds that had fallen into the pool of tears Alice had wept when she was nine feet high.

I don't know where the fault lies — whether in the school, where educators have been too ready to yield to the pressures for a short, cheap, and synthetic education, or the home with its dollar-dollar criterion of success. I am inclined to let the school and the home share the ignominy between them. The truth remains that we no longer educate the whole

man: the average college graduate today is embarrassingly innocent of the great and abiding names in philosophy, literature and the arts. He is a specialist; he knows his field, but he is not an educated man. Watch him at play and you know at once that he has never been initiated into the graces of creative leisure. For we Americans are still the most overtaught but under-educated nation in the world.

Our movies, our radio, our reading fare, our whole bedside manner of education as it reflects the demands of the average citizen, reveals the level of culture we have accepted. Even our homes give us away. I have seen people spend \$5 and \$10 on a single elaborate meal. I have been in these same people's homes and found no evidence of comparable spending on their mental needs. Dollars for their stomachs without a quiver of conscience; pennies for their minds, with a gossip newspaper, a handful of circulating library fare, and a ten cent popular picture weekly the sole menu. The other day a middle-class woman who owns a thousand-dollar fur coat confessed to me that she "simply could not find the money for lots of books." How did I do it, she asked, eyeing my \$50 cloth coat in ill-concealed pity. Our distinctions between the luxuries and necessities of life are fantastic, to say the least.

We know from the tragedy that is Europe what happens to the body that is fed a diet of potatoes and water. What manner of mind do we imagine

ourselves fashioning on the mental gruel of the average American? People who would rather starve than be seen in shabby clothes go about parading shabby minds twenty-four hours a day and seem almost proud in the process.

How did we get that way? We are thing-minded to the point of obsession. We have become such stuff as advertisers dream of. We buy anything on the hour, every hour, provided it is advertised — except, of course, good books.

Yet good books are always the most available commodity and the least taxing on our purses. For once one has discovered the need of them, he will also learn the joys and amenities of collecting them. Indeed, as I look about my living room, lined with several thousand books, I keep wondering how they got there on the notoriously negligible income of two college teachers. Then I remember, and each of these books becomes a lively experience in the most rewarding hobby I know. For years S — and I have allowed ourselves the luxury of nicking off \$10 a month — the price, I suspect, of half an hour at a New York night club — from our budget, to be spent carousing in that browsers' and book-buyers' paradise on New York's Fourth Avenue. (I am sure that every sizable town in America has such a book haven.)

Once we scooped up fourteen volumes of Thackeray, dust-laden, forgotten, soiled — for all of \$1.80. When we brought them home we

were as happy as a couple of children who had just rescued a litter of pups from the city pound. We worked over those volumes one rainy Sunday afternoon until they gleamed gratitude at us in their restoration. Even the children helped.

Another time, when I was walking along 59th Street toward Lexington Avenue on my way to the AMERICAN MERCURY office, I stopped at a table of 49¢ books in front of a little shop that looked like a lumber closet in a Dickens ghost story. There were the usual James Fenimore Cooper, Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a mottled cover. The words on the binding had long worn away, but inside the covers I read the full legend: *Villette* by Currer Bell.

It was not a first English edition, but it was an interesting pirated American first of Charlotte Brontë's novel. Half-heartedly my conscience made me point out to the proprietor that perhaps the volume had got into the heap by mistake. "There are not many volumes around with the name Currer Bell retained on them," I explained. "That's a Charlotte Brontë book, you know. You oughtn't to sell it for 49¢."

The man lifted the book, examined the scuffed leather corners, noted that the pages were yellow, and made his decision. "All right, lady, I won't quibble with you. Take it for 39¢ then. If you don't get it, the rain will."

Or that time in the depression thirties when we saw a W. Heath

Robinson edition of Rabelais at half price for \$37.50 in the Dutton Bookshop on Fifth Avenue. We put down a \$5 deposit on the two volumes in the hopes of retrieving our treasure by Christmas — it was already October. That year we had to figure fast and scrimp hard, but we made it.

In an antique shop in these Berkshire hills I picked up — the book-buyer's favorite phrase — a first edition of Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* for 25¢ and his *American Notes* for 15¢. Obviously the proprietor knew more about Sheraton furniture than American literature.

So I could go on and on. My eye has just fallen on Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Comic Writers*, a first edition which S — and I discovered in the higgledy-piggledy book shop of Roger Ingpen, across from the British Museum, in London — before the War, of course. Ingpen was so delighted we recognized his name as co-author of the monumental study of Shelley that he let us have old Hazlitt for all of ten shillings, and threw in *Peter Pindar*, three volumes in nicely polished calf, original boards, 1797, for nine shillings. The *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth* (the famous poet's garrulous and possessive sister), which we picked up on a walking tour in the Lake District one summer, fell to us for fifteen shillings.

III

There was a knock at the back door. The Westwood twins from across the road had seen our light and come in

to say hello. Nice lads with that salt-of-America flavor in their speech and manners; they had not gone to college. The War took them from the high school classroom before graduation; when they returned, four years later, Mr. Westwood's arthritis had caught up with him; there was the hundred-acre farm to run, and forty head of cattle to keep alive.

Dick was the more articulate of the two. "We'd been to Africa, Italy, hell and back," he said. "I didn't mind that. There were ten million more like us. It's just that on days off when I had a little time to look around, I didn't know what to look around for. It seems to me we wasted an awful lot of time in high school. . . . Once when we were in Rome, a young English fellow and I wandered into the Sistine Chapel. When we looked at some of the art there, I couldn't think of a thing to say. It must've been pretty wonderful, though, because the Englishman flopped down on one of the hard benches in the place and looked up at that ceiling done by Michael Angelo, I think he said, for at least a half hour. And when we visited Keats' grave in the Protestant cemetery of the city, the Englishman talked about him as if he'd lived next door to him all his life. The only thing I recognized in Rome was St. Peter's because it looked just like the Christmas calendar our feed company back home had sent Dad just before we left. Honest!"

"Honest," indeed, and I think I know what young Dick meant. It

brings me back to a point I made earlier. In his way the boy was groping for "the durable satisfactions of life" his education had failed to bring him, or at least guide him toward.

To have stood amid the ruins of the Roman forum and known that two centuries earlier these glorious remains so moved Edward Gibbon, one October evening, that he determined then and there to write the history of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, would indeed have been a time to remember. To have been to the National Portrait Gallery in London and recognized Johnson and Boswell, Garrick and Goldsmith drawn from life by their beloved friend Joshua Reynolds; to have wandered into Westminster Abbey and stumbled over a foot-square grave with only the words "O Rare Ben Jonson" to identify it; to have looked upon the Mona Lisa at the Louvre in Paris and recalled Pater's golden "she-is-older-than-the-rocks-among-which-she-sits" passage; to have listened to the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven at St. Stephen's in Vienna; to have been to Stratford-on-Avon and felt the quiet immortality of the place—these are at least tied up with "the durable satisfactions of life" if they are not the satisfactions themselves.

Here S — took exception. "That's all very good for the reading temperament. But what about the non-reading? After all, the present can be just as great. I'll match you: to have walked at midnight across the George Washington Bridge, to have lived in

the same age with Franklin D. Roosevelt, to have seen Katherine Cornell on the stage, heard Marian Anderson sing or Schnabel play, to have sat in the class of John Dewey, to have seen Babe Ruth make a home run, to have been in a Beatrice Lillie audience. . . ."

IV

True enough, and bravo! But man cannot live in the present alone. He must have something to tie to. Few of us can think in four dimensions, but certainly three-dimensional living is our destiny. The present has within it elements of the past and hints of the future. In other words, man is the time-binder of the universe; he lives forward and understands backward. The poetry of the present is not its being or its becoming, but its having been. Indeed, all thinking is a process of associated remembering—a remembering of things past; the cultural past. Of course some of man's experience must be immediate and his emotions quickly translated into the present. But that way alone is not enough. Only a rich and sound education can teach him how to feel within himself the meaning of the timeless.

In the long ago there used to be a fine old sun dial near Venice. I hope it is still there. It had for its Latin motto words which in English meant, "I count only the hours that are serene." What a peace of mind is presumed here! We have been a long time on the road. Perhaps this is the turning.

WONDERFUL BUTTE

BY JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

THE lady in the library said writers made her sick, and why didn't they lay off Butte?

We who live here, she said, love Butte. You'd think that these writers could find something nice to say about it. . . . But no: it's always the gambling, or the red light district, or "The Company." You'd think nobody sinned anywhere except in Butte; we're just honest about it, that's all. And as for "The Company," a lot of us wonder where we'd be without it.

To change the subject I asked her how business was.

You know, she said, I think it must be picking up. Some of the girls have been drifting back from Las Vegas, I hear; and they don't do that unless there's more money loose around Butte.

The lady in the library did not find it at all remarkable that the comings and goings of "the girls" — the dwindling band which inhabits the seedy remnant of a once-famous segregated area — should serve as a Butte busi-

ness barometer. Nor did she regard it as odd that an inquirer should elicit this information, along with official statistical data, from the eminently respectable staff of the Public Library.

Butte is a proud city, and it has been grievously hurt by some of its interpreters. They looked at the surface of a town which boasts that it is a mile high and a mile deep, and thought they had seen all. Not only is it proud and sensitive, but it is probably almost unique in its pride. No Butte citizen will brag of tree-lined streets; the trees, though healthier than they used to be, are still sparse. None will speak of parks; Butte has none to speak of. None will exult about the city's government; if the ideal one governs least, Butte's is perfect. There is no civic center or public auditorium or art gallery or museum, except the mineral collection at the State School of Mines; no civic orchestra, no community recreation program, no adult education. There is no official city planning. The business district is shabby: most of the store

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fronts are old-fashioned, many are vacant — grimy and blind, or boarded up. The streets, some good and some terrible, run in every direction; they may be one block long or thirty; there are gaps of half a mile where there are no streets at all.

Nevertheless the citizens of Butte are proud. Some will boast about the mines, Butte's fabulous "richest hill on earth" — that group includes the Chamber of Commerce, which will direct the motorist on a tour that will give him a glimpse of the principal workings. A few, if they think the listener is sympathetic, will suggest somewhat defiantly that Butte has beauty for him who takes the time to seek it. And these last are not so far wrong as the impatient tourist may think. But the singularity appears in this; everyone will insist upon it: "The people are like no other people anywhere. It's the spirit of the people that makes Butte. The people are wonderful."

II

Butte has been, and may still be the most cosmopolitan small city in America. It has only 37,000 people. Irish, Cornish, Slavs, Finns — at some time or another each has been a dominant racial group. In recent years the Irish and Balkan peoples have been neck-and-neck for numerical superiority, but the Irish probably still lead in the voting population. Both Irish and Slavs are Catholic, and so Butte is a strong church town, with 55 or 60 per cent adherents of that faith.

Youngsters who grow up in the Butte melting pot, who attend its nineteen public or eleven parochial schools, usually realize that they are undergoing an unusual educational experience — if they survive it, for life in Butte is no bed of roses for the youth and there are occasional riotous incidents. After they have left Butte — and for the good of the city far too many of them do leave — and have attained distinction elsewhere, as many have, they are apt to be proud of their origin, quick to defend the home town. This is partly a perverse sort of pride: Butte is nationally known as "tough," and they have endured and triumphed; they are a select company; they can recall experiences which will awe their cocktail-party acquaintances. But an amazing number also have sensed the peculiar values which they acquired as children in the mining camp.

The first of these values is tolerance. Butte lets each go his own way, and it condones human frailty to a degree which visitors are apt to find astonishing. (However, it boasts that an unescorted girl is safe, night or day, on its streets.) Allied with tolerance is another value for which there is no word better than democracy. Snobs are few. They are scarce, of course, anywhere in the West, but nowhere else can they be made as uncomfortable. There is a third value which is not altogether pure, for it has pernicious consequences which inhibit gracious living and development of a fully functioning community. It is a general

lack of pride in possession. This may have been born of the traditional insecurity of life in a mining camp, and nurtured by Butte's notorious propensity for "a good time." At any rate, a new suit, a gown and a party are too often preferred to a coat of paint on the house.

The people of Butte *are* wonderful, and unpredictable. If they chose to do so they could make their city the most prosperous and most beautiful in the Northern Rocky Mountain region. They have the natural resources, the site, and the transportation; most of the people who remained during the war even have money. But the *spirit* has been lacking. Tolerance can become apathy, and when that mutation has occurred, unnoticed, it is not hard to adjust oneself to life in a city which is physically dilapidated, socially backward and politically senile; a city which is abjectly dependent upon a single industry whose masters, one businessman complained, "hate

people of Butte"; a city which is coming thin and gray and sunken, like a silicotic miner old before his time. One can learn to love even such a town. The Butte citizen hopes you'll like it too, but he doesn't really give a damn whether you do or don't. Apathetic? Not at all; independent!

III

The government of Butte is supposed to inhabit the county offices in the Courthouse and the municipal offices in the dirty, neglected City Hall on one of the main business streets, an

aged brick structure with splintered floors and stained walls and a jail in the basement. Actually Butte is ruled, politically and economically, from the sixth floor of the Hennessy Building, where one finds the spick-and-span, modern offices of "The Company."

"The Company" is Anaconda Copper, which vanquished its rivals for the riches of Butte Hill in the first decade of this century and today owns or operates under lease all of Butte's mines. These produce 99 per cent of Montana's copper output, and the State normally is the second largest source of the metal in this country. In recent years Butte's copper production has been about a quarter-billion pounds annually, worth thirty to forty million dollars.

But even though its product was of vital necessity and there were jobs for all at the highest wage scale in history, Butte was one of the few urban centers which lost population before and during the war. Between 1930 and 1940 the population declined six per cent, and thousands more left after that. The estimated 1946 total of 37,000 was only 7000 above that of 1900. Even more ominous was the slump in the school census: there were 14,184 children in 1941 against 10,659 in 1945.

What had happened was that men finally had refused to go down into the hot and sulphurous inferno underlying Butte as long as there was work at a living wage elsewhere. The mines are not a mile deep, as the publicity has it; the deepest is around 4400

feet. But the temperature in the mines is often 100 degrees Fahrenheit or more, and the copper is in a sulphur formation which burns clothing and flesh. Men emerge from the shafts covered with mud, and drenched with perspiration and spray from the "wet drill" which shoots a jet of water into the working face of the rock to keep down the deadly dust. And there are other hazards — the ever-present threat of accident, despite advanced safety methods, and above all the danger of silicosis, which still has not been routed by the "wet drill" or other control efforts. Silicosis is a pulmonary disease similar to tuberculosis, caused by inhalation of rock dust. In 1941 Montana created a fund to pay \$30 monthly to each sufferer, exclusive of those undergoing treatment at the state tuberculosis sanitarium. Of nearly 500 receiving such monthly benefits, about 350 are in Butte.

Like any other mining town, Butte has always dreaded the day it would be told that the riches of its Hill were worked out. But Dr. Francis A. Thomson, president of the State School of Mines, says the copper not only shows no sign of exhaustion but even maintains its relative richness. And other unexploited minerals surround the Hill. The problem, therefore, is not depletion of the basic resource; it is how to get that resource out of the ground at a cost which is competitively practicable. Scores of mechanical devices have reduced the costs, and so far as machines and hu-

man ingenuity in their creation are concerned, there is no foreseeable limit to the workable depth at Butte. The only obstacle is the will of man, his refusal to suffer unnecessarily. In 1937 and 1938 Butte had 8000 men in and about the mines; in 1946 it had fewer than 3000 — though the union scale had risen to \$9.23 a shift, a new high, and it was possible for the underground men, working on individual contract, to make even more.

And when the boom dies, the demand for Butte's product will disappear, so it seems unhappily obvious that when Butte is finally able to get the men it will not need them. That is the dilemma confronting a community which both figuratively and actually lives upon the mines. Its only economic function is to serve them. And beneath it twist the mines' 3000 miles of tunnels. Serious subsidence of foundations has occurred in a belt about two blocks wide in the center of Butte; two schools collapsed a "The Company" settled for abc \$100,000; a Jewish synagogue split half. Thus the mines bring the city to its knees.

IV

But that is an awkward analogy, for Butte's tradition is that of a stand-up-and-slug sort of city and few communities set as much store by their tradition. Butte is proud of a 70-year history of recklessness, violence, personal extravagance, hospitality, and good fellowship. "Doors are wide

open, nothing hidden," says the Chamber of Commerce booklet. "Here is a city with a 'kick' in it."

It's a man's town, normally about 54 per cent male. Originally it was one of the highest labor-standard towns on earth because of competitive struggle for manpower among the copper titans. Young men from all over the world poured in, and gambling houses and bagnios flourished on the bachelors' bounty; the latter boasted that they accommodated a thousand girls who were members of every race represented among the men on the Hill. The city's founders, a prominent citizen explained, thought prostitution and gambling were essential to a mining camp and Butte was handicapped by the tradition.

That is true, but it is not all the truth. It is obvious that "The Company" still prefers "a wide open town." If it did not, Butte could become in 24 hours as pure as Pella, Iowa. But miners who are broke can't pick up and drift out of town, can't lay off as frequently as they might want. The mass exodus of men from Butte when they could be certain of war jobs elsewhere is proof that Company fears for its labor force are justified; but it does not seem to have occurred to it or to the people of Butte that healthier diversions might help to build a more stable community, as they have elsewhere. There are occasional shutdowns of gambling. The halls of chance are closed as this is written, while warring factions in the police department fight it out in the

courts; but officials who have "put the lid on" in the past swear that they have been waited upon by delegations of businessmen, leaders of the Company-dominated Chamber of Commerce, and told to "open her up."

Butte's reckless habits, the excessive sympathy of its juries, and the agility of its ambulance-chasing attorneys are so notorious that it is the second costliest place in the country in which to insure a car or truck. Rates are topped only by those of New York City.

V

The most effective enemy "The Company" ever had was the man whom it supported, as the lesser of two evils, against Burton K. Wheeler in the Montana Governorship campaign of 1920. Four years later this man — Joseph M. Dixon, Progressive Republican — carried to the people an initiative measure which for the first time imposed a tax levy on the net proceeds of mines. The enraged Company spent itself so thoroughly defeating his bid for re-election as the Governor that the initiative measure was adopted.

Money received from the net proceeds tax had been one of the principal supports for Silver Bow County, which for all practical purposes is merely Butte and its suburbs. The net proceeds are assessed by the State Tax Board: it tells the County what the value of the mines' production is for taxing purposes, and the County then places its usual levies against the

sum. In 1938 the County received in taxes from this source a little more than half a million dollars; in 1946 it got only about \$80,000. Production had fallen off, but certainly not to the extent indicated by the tax returns. The State Board had cut the taxable value of the net proceeds nearly eight million dollars. Higher costs, the Board maintained, had absorbed the bulk of Anaconda's gross return from copper sold at the ceiling price of twelve cents a pound; and the State Supreme Court had held nontaxable a bonus of five cents a pound paid by the Federal Government on some of the copper produced in high-cost sections of mines.

Further complicating the tax picture for the city is the ingenuity with which Butte's founders defined the city limits. They skirt all mines, several of which are in business or residential areas, and thus leave them exempt from city taxation.

Continued reduction of the tax base and failure to solve the dilemma of absentee ownership will almost inevitably result in collapse of governmental functions, already far behind the times. Furniture and equipment in public offices is 30 to 50 years old; staffs are inadequate and poorly paid. Butte teachers, an outstanding instance, get less than those of any other Montana city. Relief costs, good times or bad, are higher in Butte than anywhere else in the State, reflecting the hazards of the mining industry. The current caseload is made up largely of unemployed

or dependents of lost wage-earners, but in the thirties when the mines closed, Butte relief certifications rocketed from 1800 to 7000. If the mines shut down, Butte goes down. It has no other resource.

VI

Is there, then, no hope for Butte? Has the traditional independence become in fact apathy, and are there none among the wonderful people to rouse the city to its responsibilities?

Not the Chamber of Commerce. Like the gas and water and power utilities, it remains an arm of the Anaconda Copper and Montana Power Companies. It is not interested in encouraging the entry of new industry to compete in the labor market. It concentrates on tourists.

But there's Tim Sullivan and his Butte Development Association. In midsummer of 1946 a full-page advertisement in the Butte *Daily Post* headed "A Report to the People of Silver Bow County!" startled the mining city. Signed by the Butte Development Association, it presented a long letter from the George S. May Company of San Francisco, industrial engineers, containing the findings of a preliminary survey undertaken by that firm at the instance of the Butte group. The report pulled no punches: trends in Butte were "tobogganing," management, labor and the public had all failed the community; were the people resigned to economic disintegration, or willing to act aggressively to reverse the trend?

Signing the advertisement, with the Association, were its officers: Tim J. Sullivan, president; Richard Dickenson, vice-president; David Reese, treasurer; E. R. Blinn, secretary. Folks looked at the list, rubbed their eyes and looked again. Nothing like this had happened within the memory of the oldest oldtimer. Tim Sullivan was president of the Sullivan Valve and Engineering Company and several other Butte enterprises, a major employer. Dickenson was president of the General Laborers' Union and Reese was financial secretary of mighty Butte Miners' Union No. 1. Blinn was a well-known accountant.

Things looked bad for Butte. Some long-established firms, among them Crane Company and Armour, had moved out. Crane was a competitor of Tim Sullivan's, but for Butte's sake he was dismayed. Working at first with small, selected groups and with the help of the Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Connor, a Butte priest who had presided at a meeting called by Bishop J. M. Gilmore several years before in an attempt to bring Butte's warring factions together, he formed the Development Association. Finally 84 Butte groups were represented. The Association was incorporated as a non-profit body and welcomed into its ranks anyone interested in the development of Butte. Now its directorate includes unionists and Company counsel, business and professional men. Its immediate objectives include a further, more detailed study by the May Company, employment of its own in-

dustrial engineer to help bring in new industry, erection of a new hospital and prompt improvement of recreational facilities.

No one has any illusions about the magnitude of the task which the Association confronts; perhaps no greater one ever faced ambitious planners anywhere in America. Nevertheless, merely by creation of the Association and recognition of the problem, the people of Butte have done more than they had ever done before to justify their boast that as people go, they are something special.

To the lady in the library, by this time thoroughly out of patience with still another writer who has been unduly concerned about gambling, and the red light district, and "The Company":

I, too, have stood at the head of Antimony Street, on the slope of Big Butte, after sunset. I have watched the lights come on, watched the tired and shabby city disappear, watched the moon come up to search among the peaks until it finds, suddenly, the white glitter of the snow on the Highlands. Then I have seen the new city, the city of lights, thrust itself up from the scarred soil of Butte and hang, wondrously suspended, in the moon-misty sky. And while I watched, I have heard the long, lonely whistle of a train echoing across the great plateau; it is a whistle, I am sure, which is like no other in the world.

I know what you mean, Ma'am. Butte is beautiful.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



CLINICAL NOTES

Mosquito and Briar Note. — Whatever the faults of much of contemporary drama, it at least has avoided one of the weaknesses of much of contemporary literature. The latter, especially where it is the product of the younger practitioners, seems often to be ridden by the notion that there is something strangely virile and impressive in sexual intercourse conducted *al fresco*. The drama, even when written by the younger playwrights, generally refrains from any such undergraduate nonsense and keeps it indoors, where it belongs. The anatomical romance hypothetically implicit in bramble-bush, hillside, sleeping-bag and other such extramural discomforts, however starlit, is considerably less the material for serious fiction or drama than for farce, good and loud. Nature, as the saying goes, may be wonderful, but —.

Adaptation Note. — With our producers making the customary noises over the deplorable shortage in ac-

ceptable new play scripts, it might not be unprofitable for them to consider various highly amusing plays of foreign extraction which, in their original American tryout performances some years ago, suffered the penalty of poor adaptations and were consigned unwarrantedly to the storehouse. I suggest a few.

First, the French locally titled *Room of Dreams*, a wittily conceived, fresh and entertaining comedy so wretchedly adapted that all its value went for naught. The plot concerns a married man, at ease in all the physical comforts of his home, who becomes romantically involved with another woman, fits up an apartment for her identical in its decoration and appurtenances with his home, wakes up one morning with a bewildering hangover, and can't for the life of him make out whether he is in the boudoir of his wife or his innamorata, with the obvious embarrassing consequences.

Secondly, Sacha Guitry's *The Illusionist*, one of the most jovial of his many droll comedies, which did

not get all it should have from the otherwise often able late Avery Hopwood and which closed after a brief engagement many years ago in Washington, D. C. The theme here is of a prestidigitator who employs his tricky professional skill to break down the resistance of a hesitant lady upon whose charms he has lodged a wishful eye. It is novel and amusing stuff and, skilfully adapted, should provide an evening of considerable amusement.

Thirdly, Hermann Bahr's *The Master*, played briefly by the late Arnold Daly more than a quarter-century ago. If ably adapted, which it wasn't, this comedy-drama of a defeated husband guided aright by his Oriental manservant might well prove heartily acceptable theatrical fare. (A second glance at the same author's *The Yellow Nightingale* might also prove to be profitable.)

There are others. Among them, Chiarelli's *The Mask and the Face*, Rostand's *The Last Night of Don Juan*, René Fauchois' *The Monkey Talks*, Evreinoff's *The Chief Thing*, and Savoir's *The Lion Tamer*. Given their due, they would be worth a second chance.

Titles Note. — It is a peculiarity of the later day theatre that so many of its better plays are burdened with poor titles and so many of its bad with apt, lively and imaginative ones. Compare, for example, the dusty lustrelessness of a *Of Mice and Men* with a *Nude with Pineapple*, or of

a *Love's Old Sweet Song* with a *Geraniums in My Window*. Think of all such titles wasted as *The Devil in the Cheese*, *I Loved You Wednesday*, *Dance with Your Gods*, *A Thousand Summers*, *Canaries Sometimes Sing*, and *The Venetian Glass Nephew*. Reflect on the many like *Strange Interlude*, *What Price Glory?*, *The Time of Your Life*, etc., and then on such as *Distant Drums*, *Angels Don't Kiss*, *Far Away Horses*, *Strange Orchestra*, *How Beautiful with Shoes*, and *Arms for Venus*. Or on the titles dissipated upon such duds as *The Drums Begin*, *Work Is for Horses*, *Five Alarm Waltz*, *The Strings*, *My Lord*, *Are False*, *Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning*, *The World's Full of Girls*, *Dark Hammock*, et al.

Voice Note. — Stage directors have frequently told me that one of their most trying problems is to keep actors from dropping their voices at the ends of many of their lines. Why don't they settle the problem very simply by instructing the offending actors to imagine, without in the least turning their heads in that direction, that they are reading the lines to the company manager who pays them their salaries and who is seated in the balcony or gallery. Unconsciously the actors would lift the ends of their lines not in any strain for extended clarity, as is the common theory, but because their voices would automatically reach up to the picture of the altitude suggested to their minds. I have seen it work in a number of instances.

Review Note. — Criticizing Harry Brown's meritorious play, *A Sound of Hunting*, in its published book form, Mr. C. V. Terry writing in the *New York Times Book Review* has this to say: "It [the play] makes dreary and pointless reading: it is hard to believe that the author of that excellent war novel, *A Walk in the Sun*, could have believed he was writing a play when he dumped his squad of GI's into a Cassino cellar and had them quarrel for three interminable acts over the rescue of a beleaguered comrade who is never even seen. Audiences have not risen to such invisible bait since the days of Agamemnon."

Suggested playgoing, here and abroad, since Agamemnon's time: *Family Portrait*, *George and Margaret*, *Invitation to a Journey*, *The Duchess of Elba*, *His Majesty's Levee*, *Ben Hur*, *The Monkey's Paw*, Maeterlinck's *The Intruder*, and, among various others, a fairly successful play called, I believe, *Harvey*.

Youth Note. — The majority of our popular playwrights seem to have as their worshipful credo the old German saying, "Beautiful is youth; it never comes again." Youth to their way of thinking and writing is the desideratum above all desiderata, and their plays are full of wistful elderly creatures who yearn for its recapture and blissful return. What, one meditates in one's later years, if it did return? Gradually, as one slid back over the years, one would lose the secure place one had made for one's

self in the world; one would lose the happy job that has gone hand in hand with it; one would lose all the good and trusted friends whom one had gathered in the fuller years of one's life; and, worse still and more awful to contemplate, if the metamorphosis were extreme one would wind up again having to drink milk!

Schools of Acting Note. — One of the chief frailties of many of the schools that set themselves to teach the art of acting to the young of the species, and particularly the female young, is their tendency too quickly to gratify the vanity of their pupils by allowing them to indulge themselves in long and difficult roles, mainly Shakespearean. The tendency is, however, understandable, since perhaps three out of every four of the girls come to the schools already firmly self-convinced that they are just a little short of perfection as Juliets and since you can't make money by not satisfying your customers, whether in the acting school business or anything else.

Equipped with letters of introduction or just plain nerve, samples of these ambitious puellæ invade my peace from time to time, one and all of whom assure me, quite sternly, that they are fitted for immediate appearances on the professional stage, that their teachers have encouraged them with the confidential information that their Juliets are something rather remarkable, that they wish to take advantage of their fresh youth

in playing the rôle, and won't I, in my critical capacity, see to it that they get an early audience with interested producers. My custom is politely to tell them to forget Juliet for the time being and to go back to school and study small maids' parts.

The little dears generally become wrathful at this paternal advice. Partly to pacify them, it is my habit then to point out to them that the road to fame and glory is much more likely to be opened to them in such minor maid rôles, if they are competent and attractive in them, and that for one exceptional Mary Anderson who got a chance at Juliet at the age of sixteen or one Julia Arthur who got the same chance at an even younger age there have been dozens of future stars who initiated their careers in white cap and apron, carrying a tray, announcing that the Missus would be down shortly and wouldn't the visitor seat himself, and then making a permanent exit.

Before the sweet ones can disgustedly denounce me for a cynical old dog, I thereupon load them up with statistics. Blanche Bates got her start, I tell them, as a maid in the T. Daniel Frawley stock company, at twenty dollars a week. Virginia Harned began in a maid's rôle of three lines in a road company of something called *Our Boarding House*. May Vokes made an entire career, and a very successful one, out of such rôles. Laura Hope Crews got under way with the Belasco Alcazar Stock Company of San Francisco not only in

the same kind of rôle but a wordless one to boot. And Carlotta Nilsson's introduction to audiences was as an extra who appeared for a moment as a maid with Modjeska.

As the pouting begins to diminish, I fire anew. May Robson's bow and first success was as a slavey, I inform the dears. Dorothy Donnelly made her initial appearance on the stage in her brother's stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre in New York and after two years of maids' parts worked her way up to big rôles. Lena Ashwell started on the road to fame in a part even smaller than the usual maid rôle in *The Pharisee*. So, too, Ellen Terry. Henrietta Crosman was not too proud to set sail in a maid's rôle in a minor Ohio stock company; Mary Mannering began with three lines in the play *Hero and Leander*; and Rose Coghlan, far from leading off with Lady Macbeth, was content to make her bow as one of the witches. There are many other such examples, I apprise the by now moderately tractable fair young ones.

Being by this time full of wind, I amplify my lecture by further hinting to my visitors that it might be much better for them in the long run to study singing and dancing — and the art of pretty makeup — than to devote themselves to deep Shakespearean breathing exercises which probably will get them no nearer to the professional stage than they are at the moment. Detecting their belief that the musical comedy or musical show stage is a low, even degrading,

form of theatrical art and hardly worthy of their high ambitions and resolve, I instruct the darlings that, to the contrary, it seems to have been one of the best of all training grounds and springboards for a dramatic career. Marie Tempest, who became the finest dramatic comédienne of her time, began on the musical stage and not only began but spent twenty years on it before appearing in the legitimate comedy, *English Nell*. Marie Löhr, the delightful English dramatic star, started as a chorus girl in George Edwardes' Gaiety company. Ina Claire began in musical comedy and went on to the Ziegfeld *Follies* before coming into her own on the dramatic stage, and it is generally overlooked that Helen Hayes' first appearance, as a youngster, was in a Lew Fields musical called *Old Dutch* at the old Herald Square Theatre.

Pauline Chase, I tell the drooping dears, was the famous Pink Pajama Girl in *The Liberty Belles*, to say nothing of a song and dance girl in *The Rounders* and other shows, before she became the star of *Peter Pan*. Billie Burke danced and sang "My Little Canoe" in *The School Girl* and cavorted in *The Duchess of Dantzic*, *The Blue Moon* and *The Belle of Mayfair* before becoming Charles Hawtrey's leading lady and going on to Frohman stardom. Marie Doro was in musical comedy for years before finally becoming William Gillette's leading woman in *Clarice*. Percy Haswell didn't in turn become

William H. Crane's leading woman until after she had been successful in *The Geisha*. Both Marguerite Clark and Madge Crichton were musical comedy graduates, and Cissie Loftus had her training at the Gaiety and on other musical show and vaudeville stages before she landed on the dramatic stage with Martin Harvey in *The Children of the Ghetto*.

Before the now despairing Juliets have recovered, I bounderishly continue to have at them with the information that Julia Marlowe's youthful training was in *Pinafore*, *The Chimes of Normandy* and *The Little Duke*, and that Mary Shaw's introduction to audiences came when she was propelled through a trap door up onto the extravaganza stage of the old Boston Museum. Shakespeare and Ibsen were her later reward and recompense. Sadie Martinot was an alumna of burlesque and comic opera; the sedate Edith Wynne Matthison, who later was to receive plaudits in drama ranging from *Electra* to *Sister Beatrice*, started in the chorus of *The School Girl*; and Annie Russell was a chorus girl before rising to great success in *Esmeralda*. And Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, of all people, got her start as a fairy in a burlesque show called *Turco the Terrible*.

As the little doves are being carried out by my manservant, I further call after them that Gladys Cooper, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsie Ferguson, and other such girls have found that the music show stage didn't much hurt them either.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, NATIONALIST

BY RUDOLPH VON ABELE

AMONG the great political figures of the nineteenth century Jefferson Davis stands in a peculiar place, just as among the great social upheavals of the century the Confederacy's attempt at independence is unique. Davis may, on the one hand, be numbered among the great nationalists of his age, along with Bolívar, Mazzini, Cavour, Kossuth, Deák, Garibaldi and Bismarck. He may also be catalogued with Metternich and the Kings of the Holy Alliance as one of the greatest apostles of social conservatism, indeed of social reaction, of his century. Two strains of thought and feeling, not often mingled in one man, were intimately fused in him; together they explain his political career.

The years between 1830 and 1860 saw the growth of two separate national consciousnesses in America, one having the entire nation, the other the South alone, as its object. The acquisition of Texas, New Mexico, California and Oregon, the invention of the telegraph, and the steady extension of railroads all contributed to the emergence of a wide sense of American nationality which manifested itself in

the utterances of men like Webster, Douglas and Lincoln — and even, in considerable measure, of Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. But there were also social factors peculiar to the South which made for the rapid growth of a powerful nationalist sentiment whose logical (though often unexpressed) end was secession and the establishment of an independent government. Men like Calhoun and Davis found themselves pulled in opposite directions by these two tendencies; and for Davis the dilemma was not resolved until the act of secession had come.

His Americanism may have been partly the result of a peripatetic youth. He was born in Kentucky in 1807, but at the age of two was moved to Louisiana and later to Mississippi. Later he rode the long trail to go to school in Kentucky; and, after having returned to Mississippi for a few years, went back to Kentucky to attend Transylvania University, which attracted students from many states. After this he was sent to West Point; and upon his graduation in 1828 served with the Army in Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri before returning to

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Mississippi to supervise his plantation, "Brierfield." He took with him, inevitably, an impression of the vastness and potentialities of the United States that could not have failed to stick with so sensitive and perceptive a man.

Whatever the reasons, the facts are clear. He not only supported the Mexican War, but fought in it as well, and believed that the United States ought to take as much Mexican territory as it could get. During his subsequent service as Secretary of War he bent all his energies toward the expansion and improvement of the Army as an instrument of national policy. In those same years he fought tenaciously for the construction of a transcontinental railroad, to be financed, if need be, by the Federal government under the war power. The route he wanted was a route that would benefit the South, to be sure; yet his motives were not wholly particularist in character. He also strongly believed that the United States should purchase Cuba, open Japan and China to American trade, and acquire the Panama Canal Zone: opinions which, at a later time, were to be associated with unbridled imperialist nationalism.

II

But Davis, like most Southerners, and particularly like most Southerners in politics, was obliged to struggle with another set of problems which immensely complicated his thinking. These, of course, were the problems arising out of slavery and the unique

social pattern it imposed upon the South. The attack upon that pattern (both the moral attack of the abolitionists and free soilers, and the general economic and social attack which was inevitably created by industrial and democratic advances outside the South), led to counter-attack by a militant Southern nationalism, which found its ultimate expression in the violence of war and the tragedy of defeat.

And it was here, in this issue of a separate Southern nation, that Davis' conservatism showed itself most fanatically and most fatally. His was a nationalism born of the necessity of defending a static society rooted in the past, in the concept of social hierarchy. He, like many other Southerners, became a nationalist under pressure. He loved the South; but erected his love into patriotism only when he felt its object's existence to be threatened. Which it indeed was: but the tragedy of Davis' career, and of the Southern effort at separation in general, lay in the historical certainty that such a society as this could not, in the nature of things, hope to survive in the nineteenth century. It was a culture of reaction; its avowed and tacit aims looked back, away from the general current, toward the perpetuation of a form of social organization and a set of social values which combined certain elements of the feudal and the Roman. And the Civil War was the last, desperate effort of a group of men who had inherited and lived out a civilization in most respects antago-

nistic to the civilization by which they felt themselves being encircled, to hold time still, to conserve what they in their bones felt to be a just, noble and misunderstood manner of life. Of that group Davis became, partly by chance, the effective head; and under his hand, as President of the Confederate States, the struggle of the South to attain nationality endured as it could, and then collapsed.

He became the personification of a community. There were others who also, in life or death, took on the quality of symbols: Lee was one, and Rhett another. But Davis, more than a soldier, more than an agitator, achieved in history the final dignity that falls to the leader of a lost cause.

His importance to us both as Southerner and as American is in large part a sentimental one: and, where it is not that, it is as the perfect representative of a type, half legend and half real, which has by now all but disappeared — the group of Southerners who, in the years before the war, tried to maintain in America an aristocracy of wealth and talents.

There had been another such group in New England; but industrialization was rapidly turning it into an aristocracy of simple wealth — a plutocracy. But in the South, down to the beginning of the War, there were men, not numerous, but forming an intensely homogeneous caste, who were bent upon preserving what they conceived to be their heritage from colonial Virginia and South Carolina. Calhoun was for some years the

spokesman of this group and when he died his position was assumed by Davis; for in the final struggle of hierarchic, slaveholding aristocracy against egalitarian, commercialized democracy, Davis held the post of greatest responsibility. That he should become symbolic was, in view of this, almost inevitable.

There were others who might have become symbols of the class had they been politicians; and in this respect he was fortunate. Yet there is evidence to suggest that even in his class he was superior. Men spoke of his physical grace and of the handsomeness of his features; they were uniformly impressed by his quiet, a little aloof, always impeccable courtesy and dignity. In an age of learned politicians, they were struck by the range and profundity of his knowledge in many fields. His plantation, "Brierfield," was said to be a model of its kind; and his relations with his slaves were those which, actually rather rare, have since been attributed by the popular mind to every Southern planter and his Negroes. In speaking, he was no Webster or Clay; but he could make words say what he wanted them to; and in debate was perfectly able to hold his own. If he was not a maker of great phrases, very few Southerners of his generation were.

And in a Victorian age he also carried about with him the sentimental aura of a tragic love affair. While on military duty in the West he had fallen in love with Zachary Taylor's daughter, and after much strenuous opposi-

tion from the old general, who for some reason did not particularly care to marry his daughter to a soldier, had finally persuaded him to let the marriage take place. He had then taken his bride to Mississippi, where she had died after but a few months. Upon her death he had shut himself up from the world for almost ten years, reading history and law and tending his brother's plantation, emerging from his self-imposed hermitage as an aspiring politician. How much influence his wife's death had upon his subsequent career is difficult to determine; but it may have been psychologically considerable.

III

As William E. Dodd has shown, he was a Southerner of a different kind from his grandfathers. The distinction between them lay in the fact that they were fanatics about freedom, while he and his colleagues were fanatics about slavery. It was not that he did not love liberty; but, under the historic circumstances of his time, liberty for him meant mainly the freedom to hold others in bondage. It was that freedom for which he fought; it was that freedom for which he and a few thousand others dragged the South into a war which he knew would be ruinous. That he knew this is one measure of the intensity of his belief in such freedom.

He never once appeared to waver from his dogma. It drove him steadily on, from his first term in Congress in 1845 to that nightmare of retreat from

Richmond in April and May of 1865; it did not let him go even after his capture and imprisonment; it possessed him till his death. State sovereignty and the beneficence of slavery; his mind and heart were anchored to these two rocks; and in order to save them from the attacks of infidels who would not accept them, he reluctantly became President of the Confederacy. He would far rather have commanded an army: he had distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista on February 23, 1847. His West Point training, imprinted on a mind that was precise and in love with minutiae, and four years as Secretary of War, had caused him to consider himself primarily a soldier. But the civilian job was tendered, and he took it.

Davis, in earlier years described as something of a "gay blade," came to put on, as time passed, a mask of increasing impenetrability. His humor, especially where his dogma was concerned, fell away; he became, while remaining always the soul of *politesse*, more and more remote from other men. As President he was rarely seen in public; and he denied his presence to many whom he did not like.

The administration of a state at war demands, above all else, endless patience, profound insight into the motivations of others, and a sense of humor stemming from an ability to see the large perspectives. Given these, a man will be able to make others do what he wants while preserving in them the illusion that it is what *they* want; and he will always know when not to be

serious. He will, in a word, be a consummate politician; he will fight for a cause with the fanatic's devotion, but he will be lacking the fanatic's distorted scale of values, because he will see his cause in its whole setting, rather than reduce the setting to the cause. Lincoln was such a man; and Lincoln was largely successful. Davis, on the other hand, fits the description at practically no point.

Being absolutely persuaded of the righteousness of his cause, as well as of the effectiveness of his methods of promoting it, he was unable to compromise, to pursue his object by roundabout means. He was not, in other words, a diplomat. Men whom he antagonized or who became critical of him he made no effort to conciliate or win over. If a line he took was unpopular, he became more firm than ever in pursuing it. Opposition stiffened him.

All through the war he had to deal with a host of small-minded and selfish officials — men like Governor Joseph E. Brown of Georgia or Senator Henry S. Foote of Tennessee; but he never tried to "handle" them. All he could do was argue with them or command them. When Brown began a long correspondence attacking the constitutionality of conscription, which Davis rightly had judged to be indispensable to the Confederate war effort, Davis, instead of humoring Brown, disputed with him: a fatal error, for Brown loved nothing better than debate. And, again, because he had no particular respect for Alex-

ander H. Stephens, his Vice-President, he tended to ignore Stephens; and this tactless behavior served only to pique and anger the Georgian, whose lukewarmness toward the war was thereby turned to outright hostility, with serious consequences for Davis. Had he put aside his personal distaste for a rather difficult personality, as Stephens undoubtedly was, he might have kept Stephens preoccupied and avoided considerable trouble.

His personal dislike of General Joseph E. Johnston also led him to alienate a soldier who, for all his faults, was too good to be lost. He was unwilling to try to understand Johnston's tactics during the latter's retreat toward Atlanta in 1864, in the face of Sherman's immense superiority; and so he curtly fired Johnston, replacing him with Hood, a general whose military philosophy was to fight whenever possible. The war would have been lost in any event; but this was surely not the way to win it. As President he was responsible for the over-all direction of the Confederacy's war effort; but largely because he had a mind more attuned to detail than strategy, his influence upon the conduct of the war proper was generally negative. It would not be unfair to say he was able to hold out as long as he did because of the services of his best soldiers — Lee, Jackson, Johnston, the Hills and the rest. The coordination and allocation of functions and authority between civil and military heads was in the Confederacy, as in the Union, a subject of experiment;

and because Davis lacked Lincoln's adroitness and insight into men's personalities, and because the states' rights question constantly plagued the Confederate government, the experiment turned out disastrously.

IV

Both Lincoln and Davis wrestled with an opposition that stopped at no deception or vulgarity to attain its end: but where Lincoln, by reason of his humility, his humanity, his profoundly democratic behavior, and his uncanny political astuteness, always managed to keep the vast numbers of the people with him, Davis, who could not unbend, who could not be supple or homely, lost support from one quarter after another, until at the end there were few left except those of his own kind. He was an aristocrat; he had fought a war to preserve the aristocracy of which he was a member; and in the final test this showed. His very virtues became liabilities. He, too, in a sense, was foredoomed to defeat.

His faith, however, grew in fury as its fortunes on the battlefield sank lower. "We are fighting for independence," he once told two Northerners who had come seeking peace, "and that, or extermination, we will have." This was when Grant was shouldering his way toward Richmond, and Sherman was advancing with unhurried force upon Atlanta. The war was already lost; but Davis, committed to it with every bone and nerve, could not hold such a thought. Nor could he

hold it five months later, though Sherman was advancing up through the Confederacy from Savannah, and Grant's thousands were on the point of brushing away, as though they had been so many cobwebs, the pitiful, heroic remnants of Lee's army before Petersburg. In those last weeks Davis took on the terrible grandeur that comes to the man who, wisely or foolishly, declines absolutely to admit that he is beaten.

There was a conference at Hampton Roads, Virginia; it accomplished nothing toward the ending of the war. Lincoln would not cease fighting till the South laid down its guns. This to Davis was unthinkable. In the African Church in Richmond he delivered an address designed to prop morale, to wipe out a growing sentiment of despair. Lincoln he referred to as "His Majesty Abraham the First." He predicted that the Confederacy would win the war within twelve months. This was not rhodomontade; he believed it.

He believed it still, as Richmond yielded to Grant in early April; as he and the fragments of his cabinet fled southward day by day; he believed it after, with great pain, he had authorized Johnston to surrender to Sherman, and after he had learned of Lee's surrender; he believed it as he rode through South Carolina into Georgia, with the Confederate States of America collapsing like the House of Usher all about him. He would try, he said, to force his way through the lower South into Texas, where Kirby Smith

still held an army intact; and if he could do nothing there, would go to Mexico.

But he never reached Mexico or Texas. He was captured on the eleventh of May, 1865, near Irwinton, Georgia; and with his capture the effort of the South to build a nation ended. Northerners had promised, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree"; but instead, when they finally took him, they imprisoned him in Fortress Monroe for two years, and then released him without even the trial they had talked so much about.

v

He lived on until December 1889, a courteous, white-haired, rheumatic, quiet ghost. He wrote a long book called *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*; and he engaged in an endless series of retrospective quarrels over the wisdom of his administration. At such moments it was remarked that when he was defending the right of secession, or the virtues of slavery, or his conduct of the war, his eyes flashed and his voice grew animated; but he was a dead man, an artifact left about by a vanished race, a relic out of a past that was already ancient. Lucky death had come to Lincoln at the highest moment of his achievement, and he had been transfigured by it; the leaders of the Confederacy lingered and were slow to die.

The failure of the South was nationalism's greatest failure in the nineteenth century. It had to fail, as has

been suggested, because its foundation was a social order which, however adequate and successful it might have been in the third or thirteenth centuries, was exactly opposed to every main current of its own time. It would have broken down by reason of its inner and outer contradictions even if it had won the war. But the group of Southerners who held this faith were incapable of so perceiving. Their nationalism, as is so generally the case with powerful nationalisms, amounted to a religion; and in its efficacy they could not doubt.

Davis, having become the high priest of that religion, must of necessity not doubt: and he did not. Like many ecclesiastics, he was at once a bureaucrat — a "martinet" he called himself — and a mystic. The combination made him a good soldier and a good Secretary of War; but it proved deadly when, during the war, he had to deal with a divided community. When he had to be a serpent, he remained a lion, and so ensured his defeat.

Yet he was great, even in his fall; a tragic hero, a virtuous man with few flaws, but those few so crucial that he could not avoid being led by them into destruction. The men at Montgomery who, in March 1861, preferred him to Robert Toombs or Robert Rhett or Howell Cobb, as the leader of their nation, were perhaps wiser than they knew. No one could have saved the Confederacy; but Davis, larger in stature than any Southerner save Lee, could — and did — do more to save it than any other man could have.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT FOOT TROUBLE

BY DUDLEY J. MORTON, M.D.

NEXT to visual disturbances and dental troubles, foot ailments are the most common source of our physical complaints. Painful foot troubles are usually quite unnecessary, but their avoidance or cure requires a better knowledge of the structure of the human foot than is generally prevalent.

To begin with, it is helpful to divide ordinary types of foot trouble into toe ailments and arch ailments. The first include bunions, ingrown nails, hard and soft corns, hammer toes and other distortions; these are entirely distinct from arch trouble. Under the heading of arch ailments come so-called fallen arches, flat feet, pronation and calluses of the sole; these have to do with the weight-bearing function of the feet. Here the trouble is located inside the complex internal mechanism of the foot.

It is important at the outset to dispose of two popular myths — the idea of falling “metatarsal arches,” and the common belief that the arches

of our feet are maintained by muscles. Ordinary observation is enough to illustrate the fallacy of this belief: whereas one’s hands, in sleep, become completely lax and flexible, the feet retain their rigid arching unchanged. Even in the case of patients under anesthesia it is impossible to flatten the arches of feet beyond the curvature they show in a standing position.

The arch of the human foot is a self-sustaining structure composed of bones and ligaments; this bony framework makes the foot capable of supporting the heavy weight of our bodies. In carrying out their weight-bearing function, the muscles and the bony framework of the feet perform quite different kinds of work.

Take as an analogy the process of pushing a wheelchair. The total weight of the chair and its occupant may amount to, say, two hundred pounds, but only about ten pounds of effort are required to start the chair rolling, and one or two pounds is sufficient to keep it in motion. This

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corresponds to the action of the foot muscles: they don't support the load, they move it. Support for the occupant of the wheelchair is provided by the framework and wheels of the chair; its counterpart in our feet is the arched bony framework. Recognition of this direct relationship of the bones and the ligaments with the support of body weight is the most vital point in a correct understanding of foot function and disorders.

Another important point concerns weight distribution. When an engineer builds a structure intended to support a heavy load he designs each supporting column in accordance with the part of the total weight it is intended to bear. The same principle is evident in the structure of the foot. The foot has six supporting bones: the largest is the massive heel bone, called the calcaneus; the other five, the metatarsals, are slender bones located in the instep, just behind the toes.

Investigations carried out through the use of specially devised instruments have demonstrated that in the case of normal feet in standing position each heel and the forepart of each foot carry one quarter of the total body weight. The one quarter carried by the front part of each foot is further subdivided into six equal shares, two of which are supported by the largest or first bone (metatarsal I), just behind the big toe, and a single share each by the more slender metatarsals (II, III, IV, V) behind the four lateral toes. X-ray examination of such feet show metatarsal I, corre-

spondingly, twice the width of each of the others. In walking or running positions the weight distribution changes; then metatarsal I assumes half of the total weight carried by the forepart of the foot, the other half being divided equally among the remaining four bones.

It follows from these facts, established by instrumental data, that any defect in metatarsal I, the most important weight-bearing bone in the front of the foot, disturbs most seriously the supporting mechanism of the entire foot. It also follows that the common belief in a "metatarsal arch" whose "fall" is responsible for pain in this region of the foot is a false concept. There is simply no metatarsal arch as each bone is normally on the ground. Metatarsal pain is caused, not by a change in the position of the bones, but by a disordered distribution of body weight upon the slender bones in the front part of the foot.

II

What does our investigation into the structure of the foot tell us about the origin of arch ailments?

First, it makes it possible to demonstrate that these disorders are invariably the result of faulty carriage of body weight. Second, the fault is directly traceable to a defect in the all-important metatarsal I, which in these cases is usually either short or loose. The defect is similar to that in a chair with a short or loose leg; the chair is unstable and tilts toward the defective side and the weight be-

comes unequally distributed on the legs.

Thus a defective metatarsal I — not, as is commonly supposed, muscular weakness — permits the foot to roll inward (in medical language, pronate). Also, since a defective metatarsal I is unable to carry its normal share of weight, an injurious overload is thrown on the slender second metatarsal bone, and to a lesser degree on the third. The joints of these overloaded bones become strained. This is what causes pain in the arch of the feet; at the same time, the excessive skin pressure beneath the front ends of the overloaded bones causes pain and growth of calluses in the metatarsal region.

As a rule, a defective metatarsal I does not reveal itself in painful symptoms until the youthful elasticity of the tissues has given way to the more rigid condition of fully matured structures. The age at which symptoms most frequently appear is about thirty years. The onset of pain, it should be emphasized, does not indicate any sudden change or "fall" in the arch; it is simply evidence of chronic overstrain of the foot structures. Height of the arch is not of primary importance. Low-arched feet with normal weight distribution can be serviceable structures with little likelihood of painful disorder; while a well-arched foot with abnormal weight distribution is likely to be a constant source of pain and disability.

Defects in metatarsal I, regardless of their degree, are essentially con-

genital or acquired early in life. If of moderate degree, the disturbance in function may be insufficient to cause trouble unless the feet are subjected to hard or abusive use. If the defects are severe and extensive, the entire weight-supporting mechanism of the feet may break down more or less completely. In all cases, the occurrence and degree of disability in either good or bad feet depend on two factors: the degree of internal fault; and the intensity of use or abuse to which the feet are subjected.

III

Toe ailments are both simpler to diagnose and easier to cure than arch ailments. In general, it can be said that they are the result of abusive treatment of the feet, and that in most cases faulty footwear is to blame.

The chief objection to modern footwear is that the decorative element has been allowed to overshadow the original purpose — protection of the feet. Those who design shoes for men and women seem unaware of the fact that people's feet differ in shape as much as their heads and faces. Some feet are angular in front, with a long great toe; others are rounded; some are almost square across the line of the toes. These different types of feet should not be crowded into the fashionable pointed-toe shoe; if they are, the inevitable consequences are corns, ingrown toenails, bunions, distorted and deformed toes.

These toe ailments are caused by a lack of space in the front part of the

shoe. Proper roominess need not mean "overlarge" shoes; it means nothing more than giving the toes comfortable room. For correct fitting, the shape of a shoe is as important as its size. Tracing an outline of stocking-covered feet is a good way of discovering the proper shoe shape.

The idea that corns are caused by shoes that are too large is another common myth. Corns are caused by shoes that exert too much pressure on the position of the corn. If the shoes are stretched sufficiently in that spot or roomier shoes used, the pain of the corn will subside, and the corn itself will gradually disappear. The removal of a corn gives only temporary relief; removing the cause is more important.

Ingrown toenails are generally caused by wearing short or pointed shoes and sometimes by trimming the nails too far back on the sides. They should be treated antiseptically, with the buried corner lifted and held up with a small piece of cotton. In these cases, too, more toe space in the shoes is indicated; and the nails should be squarely cut.

Bunions, hammer toes and other toe distortions are to be blamed on the wearing of too short shoes in childhood and bad selection of shoes during adulthood. Bunions are often excruciatingly painful, but only when shoes are worn. The conclusion is obvious: the pain results from shoe pressure on the bunion. The shoe should be stretched over the bunion until that pressure is eliminated.

Fashion's decree of high heels for

women has had a doubly unfortunate effect. By throwing body weight more strongly on the forepart of the feet, they not only increase the frequency of toe ailments and deformities among women, but they also magnify any internal disorder which may be present in the structure of the feet. The higher the heel, the greater the magnification. As a consequence, in our larger cities where the influence of fashion is strongest, foot trouble affects ten times as many women as men. The higher heel is unquestionably to blame for this wide discrepancy, for that ratio does not exist during pre-adult years; and in smaller communities, where the response to fashion is more moderate, the ratio is correspondingly lower.

I am not prejudiced against high heels, or unappreciative of what is good-looking. But I must point out that high heels are based upon an artificially promoted concept of beauty. They belong in the same category as the old-fashioned wasp-waist corset. Feminine beauty has not suffered through the passing of the corset; and there seems to be no good reason to believe that it is dependent on the present "spike" heels, or even upon what is considered the "moderate" heel of about two inches in height.

Nothing offers greater promise of saving the young women of today from the foot troubles of their mothers and grandmothers than the current vogue of flat-heeled shoes. Unfortunately, statements have been made to the effect that flat-heeled shoes will

produce flattened arches and other baneful results. The facts are that men, who wear low heels exclusively, are not the chief victims of flattened arches. Certainly there is no anatomical difference between adult male and female feet that would cause the latter to require a high heel.

Because variations in women's shoes and shoe parts, either as style or alleged health features, have been heavily advertised by shoe manufacturers, many women attach exaggerated importance to minor or unimportant variations in shoe designs. To cite some examples:

Open toes and heels: Unimportant; primitive sandals were never harmful to feet.

High or low shoes: Optional. In strenuous sports a high shoe provides protection against ankle sprain.

Rubber soles: Entirely approved for their outing purposes, but should be worn sparingly in the case of very weak (pronated) feet.

Rigid or flexible shank: Not too important. Metal reinforcement in the shank of women's shoes helps preserve the shape of the shoe.

Straight inside line shoe: Theoretically good, but actually too much room is usually given to the great toe by crowding the small toes.

Cupping under the heels: Feet can be comfortable either in cupped or uncupped heels.

Unevenly worn heels: Conspicuously uneven wear should be avoided.

I suggest that these relatively unim-

portant differences in shoes be dismissed and emphasis be laid on the main issues. For daytime or working hours, women should choose comfortably fitted shoes, generous in toe space, and with low heels. High heels can then be used on special occasions without bad effects. The alternate use of high and low heels is not harmful; it is the continuous use of high heels that causes the harm.

Little criticism, incidentally, can be directed at children's shoes. Parents' concern for the welfare of their children's feet and lack of interference on the part of shoe designers have allowed children's shoes to be made closely in accord with normal anatomical lines.

IV

The inner structure of the human foot is complicated enough to render self-treatment of internal disorders a dangerous business. Persistent foot pain, calluses under the balls of the feet, and the "weak ankle" (pronated) posture signify trouble ahead. The only reliable source of help obviously is trained professional supervision and care.

Professional treatment of internal foot disorders follows two different methods. The older method is widely known and has the endorsement of long usage. It employs as mechanical aids various types of arch supports, metallic and non-metallic; at the same time special exercises are prescribed to overcome the "muscular" weakness which has long been errone-

ously regarded as responsible for the disorders. X-ray examinations are seldom used in connection with this form of treatment.

The second method of treatment has been developed from the instrumental studies of normal and abnormal weight distribution mentioned above. This method, although in use for twenty years, is less generally known. It employs X-ray examination as an essential for accurate diagnosis. Light non-metallic insoles, specially designed to establish normal, painless function by correcting the faulty weight distribution, are used in treatment. Rest periods and measures to improve circulation are prescribed to restore strained and irritated tissues to their normal state. Exercises are not recommended for aching feet, for the same reason that they are not used in treating a sprained wrist, elbow or back.

Neither the first nor the second method can remodel faulty bone structure. The first supplies an artificial support to assume the burden of body weight; the second provides compensation for internal defects, as eyeglasses do for visual defects.

The extent to which the public has

turned to shoe manufacturers for relief from foot trouble is shown by the enormous annual sales of "corrective" shoes and commercial arch devices. So-called "corrective" or "orthopedic" shoes have been exploited for many years. The principal merit of the so-called "corrective" shoes is in the modification or elimination of harmful style features, rather than in the pads and gadgets they provide. The devices no doubt afford excellent sales-promotion value for the shoe-man, but too often for the customer they possess no greater therapeutic merit than the seductive trademark stamped on the shoe. These devices and pads are of course incorporated uniformly in shoes that are manufactured by the hundreds or thousands. It is obviously impossible for them to afford universal benefit to feet of all shapes and degrees of disorder. It is like buying eyeglasses or dentures at a bargain counter.

No group is in a more favorable position to promote foot health than the shoe manufacturers — if they change their present tactics and, as in other large industries, utilize scientific knowledge to find out what should be done and how to do it.



THE AIRLINES FACE A CRISIS

BY ROBERT H. ESTABROOK

SHORTLY before Christmas last year, snow, sleet and rain swept large portions of the East. Airports in New York and Washington were closed in, and commercial flights were grounded for 24 hours or more. Thousands of disappointed persons were unable to get home for Christmas. Delayed passengers thronged onto already crowded trains, thoroughly disgusted with the unpredictable quirks of air travel.

This situation, which is far from unusual, is indicative of the public relations headache weighing on the airlines as they struggle to bring into reality the Air Age so many seers have predicted. Flight cancellations cause loss of needed revenue, and they are unquestionably bad for public relations. Every person delayed is a potential ambassador of ill will.

Indeed, many experienced travelers who *must* be at their destination at a certain time are reluctantly turning from the airlines to the slower and more prosaic, but generally more reliable railroads. To the railroads, this airline weakness appears tailor-

made, and the more enterprising rail carriers are exploiting it for all it is worth. The New York, New Haven & Hartford, for instance, recently passed out a pamphlet to its passengers dwelling on the inconvenience of airline delays. The booklet got in some telling licks, emphasizing the New Haven motto of "all-weather service — comfortable, safe, certain."

An example of the severity of the problem is to be seen in the fact that during one day in July of last year — a month when flying weather should be at its best — one airline reported that no less than seventy per cent of its passengers were delayed, and five per cent had to finish their trips by train. Admiral Emory S. Land, president of the Air Transport Association, estimates that cancellations and delays right now are costing the airlines \$25 million a year, not to mention the bad feeling they create.

The reason behind this confusion is simple. Our present air navigation system is keyed to good-weather operations. Under normal conditions airlines have little difficulty meeting

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their schedules, and the 150 landings and 150 departures daily at such terminals as La Guardia Airport in New York and Washington's National Airport can be accommodated on the basis of one every couple of minutes. But when storms and ceilings close in, our present antiquated safety provisions freeze traffic into an almost impossible snarl.

Instead of several planes using a field at one time, pilots must be assured that their way is entirely clear, not only on the ground, but in the clouds they must penetrate. Landings are cut to one every ten or fifteen minutes. Waiting planes are "stacked" — that is, each plane waiting to land is assigned an elevation at which it circles above a radio beacon. An altitude interval of 1000 feet is maintained between planes. Gradually, as the transports which have arrived earlier are permitted to land, those on top of the "stack" work down to landing position. This, however, is a lengthy process; a few months ago one plane was required to circle over Washington five hours before space was available. When "stacks" are full or nearly full, no more planes can be permitted to arrive in the area. Thus planes seeking to land at New York are held at Washington, Philadelphia or Boston until "stacks" are cleared.

Bad-weather takeoffs and landings are enormously complicated by the intricate traffic patterns existing in several major cities. There are, for instance, five major airports now

serving metropolitan New York. In Washington the National Airport, Bolling Field and the Naval Air Station are within a mile of one another. With planes arriving at each airport from all directions, the air above such cities, even on good days, presents a major problem in mathematics. Schedules must be figured to allow margins of safety to compensate for slight disruptions. When visibility is limited, the tangle becomes one that makes the delays of Sunday afternoon driving look simple by comparison. Brigadier General Milton W. Arnold, vice-president of the Air Transport Association and former AAF officer, terms the crossing of air lanes over New York "five times as complex as any mission over Germany."

II

What is the answer? Certainly not more airports, for the very number of airports is one of the main causes of our present worries. Clearly some system must be devised which will permit planes to reach their destination on time every day in the year without requiring elaborate ground installations or restricting the expanded schedules which most airlines plan.

The most obvious solution is an application of electronic discoveries which received wide military use during the war. Scientists familiar with the promise of recent inventions are enthusiastic. The airlines, as represented by the Air Transport Association, dwell more on the dif-

facilities in quick practical application. And the Civil Aeronautics Administration, which is responsible for operating the airports and which must approve any new devices, has adopted a cautious policy of "wait and see."

Five principal devices developed in recent years may hold the answer to bad-weather flying and air traffic congestion. The definite practicability of many of these aids has already been demonstrated. At the Landing Aids Experimental Station operated by United Air Lines for the Navy at Arcata, California, the results of tests have been especially impressive. There the Air Transport Association (representing the airlines), the Air Line Pilots Association, the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the Army Air Forces and the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics have joined forces. Enough had been learned by December of last year for the directors to report that while landing aids tested are not the final solution for all-weather flying, they are "effective and provide workable answers for today's pressing needs." The directors recommended immediate use of these developments on a temporary basis to decrease accidents and improve schedule reliability.

It is important to look at each of these landing aids in more detail to gain an idea of what can be expected.

1. *Radar*. Probably the most spectacular crashes result when transports wander off their courses and smash into mountains or buildings. Radar

has become the great hope of those who insist such tragedies are preventable. Radar was a virtual miracle worker in detecting enemy planes and enabling bombardiers to spot their targets accurately. It can be adapted, scientists say, not only to provide a warning against crashing into obstacles, but also to prevent midair collisions in areas where traffic patterns are complex.

Dr. Lester C. Van Atta, head of the Antenna Research Section of the Naval Research Laboratory, believes that it would be a relatively simple matter to adapt for civilian use the 150-pound lightweight airborne radar sets developed by the Army and Navy. Mounted in the plane's nose, the radar set would send out beams at a variable angle in front of and beneath the plane. These beams would be reflected from the ground, water, mountains, etc., and would return to show on the radar scope in the cockpit. Obstacles in the way of the plane would be indicated by definite "pips" on the scope which would show enough in advance for the pilot to avoid them. It would even be possible, Dr. Van Atta thinks, to provide for a warning bell to ring when an obstacle was within a certain distance, thus eliminating the necessity of the pilot constantly watching the radar scope.

Airlines generally are hopeful over the prospects of using radar, not only as a warning system, but as an aid to planes in locating and landing at minor feeder airports without ex-

tensive ground facilities. American, United, and Transcontinental & Western Air have all equipped planes with radar and have been conducting experiments independently. American has chosen the Catskill Mountains of New York as the locale for many of its experiments. Crews have even used radar as a guide for flying blind at low altitudes through the tortuous valleys. Some of those who have worked with radar are enthusiastic over it as a simplified answer to most air navigation difficulties.

Some objection has been raised because of the fact that not only ground objects, but clouds as well, tend to show on radar scopes. The United States Weather Bureau in Washington, for instance, recently installed a radar device which will enable it to study cloud formations as far west as the Blue Ridge Mountains. Dr. Van Atta, however, does not believe that it would be necessary for pilots using their radar scopes to keep dodging clouds as well as real obstacles. With a small amount of training it is possible to tell easily the difference between most clouds and such hazards as mountains. As a matter of fact, pilots have a decided interest in knowing when clouds lie ahead; they usually wish to avoid thunderheads as well as mountains.

One complication in the use of radar by civilian airlines is that the Army and Navy have tied up the facilities of many manufacturers. Added to this is the touchy question of patent determination. Patents were

interchanged freely during the war, but now manufacturers are jealous of their own individual property and are careful not to infringe on the rights of others. Also, some subcontractors who made radar parts during the war have turned to more lucrative enterprises.

Conceivably the airlines could order outmoded radar equipment from some large manufacturer and obtain delivery within a few months. This would be costly, however, considering that the sets would not be exactly what the airlines want. Consequently, the airlines prefer to develop an application of radar which meets their needs more precisely. Lieutenant Commander Carroll White, head of the Aircraft Radar Design Section of the Navy Bureau of Ships, estimates that it would be possible "to develop an airborne radar set completely suitable and sufficient for airline operations at a development cost not exceeding \$200,000 even if the airlines had to start from scratch." Actually, he points out, the airlines have the benefit of military experience, and what is needed now is not so much original research as application of well-known techniques. He estimates the cost in quantity of radar sets for airline use at from \$6000 to \$7500 each.

III

2. *The coded beacon system.* Closely allied with the use of radar as an obstacle detector, this system holds considerable promise for such areas

as New York because it combines a positive automatic position report with the collision warning. Some experts who have been working with beacons consider this feature of radar even more important than obstacle detection. In operation the pilot merely turns a switch from the "search," or normal position of his radar set, to "beacon." The beam from the airplane's radar triggers beacons along the ground. Each of these beacons has a different coded energy response which shows on the radar scope as, for example, three successive dashes or two dashes, an interval, and two more dashes. The pilot knows the code of each ground beacon and by reading his scope like a map he can determine his direction and distance from any given beacon. Beacon responses from as far as one hundred miles are not uncommon.

Obviously, widespread use of the beacon response would make it far easier for transport planes to keep on schedule and thus would render much simpler the problem of figuring landing and take-off intervals in the criss-cross New York pattern. Installation of beacons would be a relatively simple matter once search radar sets were placed in civilian planes. But while beacon radar is available to anyone who will install the necessary equipment, no intensive effort has yet been made to apply it to civilian airline operations.

3. *Ground-control approach.* Most scientists and airline officials who have had experience with GCA are

enthusiastic over its immediate possibilities. It also uses radar. A radar beam is sent out from the airport with enough power to detect all planes within, say, forty miles. These show on a scope at the airport, and the operator can tell at a glance just where the planes are. A larger scope limited to six miles indicates more exactly the position of each aircraft in azimuth and elevation. At each airport a model landing, made by an expert pilot in good weather, is charted on the radar scope. Thus, by comparing the model landing with the "pip" of an incoming plane, the operator can give directions to the pilot by radio and guide him safely to within a short distance of the ground. The Navy has found GCA practicable for landing its transports in even zero-zero weather.

Among those who deprecate GCA as an absolute answer, the greatest objection is that it places control of the plane in a man on the ground rather than in the pilot who has responsibility for the safety of his passengers. This view is more or less that held by the CAA. Deputy Administrator Charles Stanton has declared that GCA is a helpful device but "it is not a landing system. We will not use it to 'talk' a plane down."

One factor inhibiting wider application of GCA is its expense. Installation costs approximately \$200,000 per airport — a prohibitive burden on the relatively small operating budget of the CAA. Proponents reply, however, that GCA requires

no additional equipment in planes. One bad-weather crash, they point out, would probably cost as much as GCA facilities at an airport. On the other side, economy of personnel also figures. Until recently, GCA required five highly-trained operators at each airport. More recently this has been narrowed to two, though the CAA says that to install ground-control approach would require eight hundred additional employees in the airways system. Airlines are working toward a modification which would enable one man in the control tower to operate the GCA system. When such economy of manpower is actually possible, ground-control approach may have more eager acceptance by both the CAA and the airlines.

Meanwhile, the CAA has been conducting limited research with GCA at its own proving ground in Indianapolis. In cooperation with the Air Transport Association and the Army, some Army-owned GCA sets are now being installed at New York, Chicago and Washington. They will afford practical everyday monitoring experience with GCA in conjunction with another device which the CAA regards as its own baby — the glide path localizer.

IV

4. *The glide path localizer.* For the last nineteen years, the CAA has been working with the instrument landing system (ILS), now being installed. This makes use of three separate sets of radio signals. One is a long-distance

beam, which the pilot picks up when still far from the airport. Indicators on his instrument panel tell him whether he is correctly following the beam. He can check the instruments by his radio headphones. About fifteen miles away he picks up the "localizer." A vertical needle in the cockpit reflects variations from the path. Then, about three miles from the airport, the glide path beam is registered. This is a radio beam sent up at an angle of three degrees from the ground, and is indicated by a horizontal needle on the instrument panel. By flying so that the vertical and horizontal needles cross at right angles on the dial, the pilot knows that he is following the glide path. This will lead him to within a few feet of the ground — low enough to bring the plane under the clouds and enable the pilot to make a normal landing. Through use of a Sperry automatic pilot in conjunction with ILS, it has been proved possible to take off and land a plane completely automatically. The instrument landing system is also supplemented by CAA's omni-directional long-range navigation system to enable pilots to tell their positions from radio beams. This is now being improved by experiments in very high frequency beams.

One difficulty with the glide path localizer is that the radio beams are distorted by reflection from any bright objects such as railroad tracks or water towers in the vicinity of the airport. However, so confident is CAA

of the reliability of its instrument landing system that ILS is now being installed at 55 major airports. Present plans call for equipping a total of 155 airports with ILS by the end of 1948, at a cost of about \$75,000 per airport.

5. *Fog dispersal.* Fog is an old enemy of airline schedules. In coastal areas, pea-soupers can sweep in suddenly and cause zero-zero conditions within a few minutes. Various remedial devices were tried by the armed forces during the war, including sirens to precipitate the moisture. The most successful ("FIDO") was developed in Britain and makes use of burners along runways to disperse the fog by heat. Tests at Arcata have been concerned with applications for civilian use. It is definitely possible to lift fog to a safety ceiling of 250 feet, and even to dissipate it as high as 3000 feet. Here again, however, the question is cost. According to General Arnold, use of "FIDO" to clear an airport even under windless conditions would cost from \$6 to \$10 a minute; with crosswinds the cost would rise to \$30 or \$40 a minute. The cost per airport of complete fog dispersal equipment is estimated at from \$200,000 to \$400,000.

It is easily seen from the foregoing that there is no shortage of landing aids. What, then, is the reason for the delay in adopting them?

One school of thought blames the conservatism of the Civil Aeronautics Administration for the present state of much talk and little practical ac-

complishment on a problem which has already put a crimp in airline development. Critics are irritated by the tenacity with which the CAA clings to its instrument landing system to the virtual exclusion of other systems such as GCA. CAA officials tend to regard GCA, in the words of Administrator T. P. Wright, as merely a "supplemental aid." Yet supporters of the ground-control approach system point out that it answers the problem of bad-weather landings far more satisfactorily than ILS, which does not cut the delay in landing time. Critics thus regard as a mistake the fact that, largely through CAA pushing, a version of the instrument landing system was adopted as the world standard at the November meeting of the Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization in Montreal. Likewise they are irritated by the CAA's willingness to grab the credit for every major advance in safety.

As against those who accuse the CAA of temporizing, others say that a go-slow policy will avoid the pitfalls of illusory panaceas and will produce the best results in the end. They point out that the CAA actually has been instrumental in the development of many navigation and safety aids such as long-range radio beams and radar scanning screens. Furthermore, they assert, the CAA's work with both radar and the instrument landing system was interrupted by the war whereas military developments flourished and in some instances

the military took over CAA projects. As an answer to persons who cite as an example what the Army and Navy have done with new devices, the more conservative officials point out that the armed forces can take chances which the CAA, as the guardian of civil aviation, cannot.

Two factors stand out in any analysis of the present confusion. One is the lack of a coordinated program of over-all planning and research. The second is the lack of funds, which in turn constricts the scope of the attack on this number-one airline problem. Both deficiencies are closely related.

The Army and Navy, of course, have been conducting their own research on their own problems. Money has not been a great factor; they have had available funds several hundred times the size of the CAA's research budget. But although the services have been extremely cooperative, often their research has not been directed at the specific problems concerning the airlines.

Aside from the military, the principal research is being conducted by the Air Transport Association as the representative of all the airlines. Its subsidiary, known as Air Navigation Traffic Control, has a goal of a workable control system within five years. ANTC, as this corporation is called, has been experimenting with each of the major landing and navigational aids to determine in what form they best suit the needs of the airlines. Although ANTC's budget cannot be regarded as lavish, the airlines generally

have granted it what it has requested. Approximately half the Air Transport Association's funds have been devoted to the study of operating problems, and the budget for this purpose during the last half of 1946 was \$300,000. Some \$500,000 is planned for control and navigation research in 1947 in addition to \$200,000 for traffic congestion work in conjunction with the CAA at New York, Chicago and Washington. The work done by ANTC, however, is largely a long-term approach, which, though it doubtless will provide major improvements in the future, does not answer the needs of the moment. Also, ANTC and the Air Transport Association are in the position of advisory bodies which can only make recommendations to the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

v

By the same token the CAA's conservative — some call it reactionary — approach is largely conditioned by the funds it has available. Its research budget is aptly described as "peanuts." Its total funds for technical development, including the testing of all facilities developed by private research during the fiscal year 1947, amount to only \$875,000. The suballotment for radio and radar, including the instrument landing system and ground-control approach, is only \$180,000 for 1947. Administrator Wright has indicated that he plans to ask five times as much for this important work next year.

In the final analysis, the question for the airlines resolves itself into one of economics. If the airlines are to realize their plans for expansion into a mass transport industry, the problems of bad-weather flying and airport traffic congestion must be solved and solved quickly. This requires money for a concerted effort. Yet the CAA is virtually broke; and many airlines actually lost money during 1946 despite the largest volume of traffic in history. This is the dilemma with which the airlines are faced.

Long-established commercial airlines are in a peculiarly vulnerable economic position in that the bulk of their revenue is derived from passenger fares. Every flight canceled means serious loss of income; and a plane only half full is operated at a loss. Thus overcoming the twin problems of weather and landing congestion is the key to future success or failure. To expand their operations into the rosy era that has been blueprinted, the airlines must be able to offer efficient mass transportation at lower fares than now prevail. To attain the volume necessary to reduce their rates, they must become not a mere fair-weather friend, but a reliable all-weather medium that inspires public confidence.

Unity of effort is the first essential in a solution. It is apparent that the work the airlines and the CAA are now conducting is not sufficient to provide a quick answer. The effort

must be governmental. It must be an all-out attack directed by men of vision and imagination. It must bring together the airlines, the CAA, and the Army and Navy to evolve a common master plan and to coordinate the present hydra-headed individual research.

Secondly, there must be enough money to do the job. The government must stand ready to supplement the funds provided by the airlines. The solution is important to all elements of aviation, civilian and military alike.

Finally, the public, which has a decided stake in the matter, can help by insisting that the problem be tackled and not shoved aside. The people can demand of their representatives in Congress that they recognize the threat of the present roadblock to civil aviation and that the funds granted the Civil Aeronautics Administration, and any coordinating agency established, be adequate for the task.

Likewise the public can make its concern known to the airlines. Continued pressure is the best guarantee that the airlines will not be satisfied with makeshifts and promises.

Better, more dependable air transportation is a must, not in 1952, but in 1947 and 1948. Otherwise the country is faced with the discouraging prospect that one of its most promising infants, civil aviation, will be retarded indefinitely in its growth.

DON MARQUIS: DELAYED ELIZABETHAN

BY ROLLIN KIRBY

FOR a quarter of a century I had amongst my collection of friends a mystic, a true religionist who hated dogma and ritualism, a humorist, a genuine poet, a lusty lover of tavern life, a great humanist, a writer of plays, a teller of tales and a joyous companion — all rolled up in the round body of Donald Robert Perry Marquis. He was, in truth, a delayed Elizabethan who could have strolled into the Mermaid Tavern and been welcomed by Kit Marlowe and Ben Jonson as a kindred spirit. If the great wind of high intelligence that blew through the fabulous period of Elizabeth had become but a zephyr by the time it reached Don Marquis, it was still an authentic part of the same sublime disturbance.

He was born in Walnut, Illinois on July 29, 1878. I wonder if Walnut knows what a tremendous fellow this protean son was? He came from the same Midwestern soil that produced his larger blood-brother, Mark Twain, upon whom the same stigmata of the American was written large. Careless of dress, wearing a hat slammed at a rakish angle on his shock of gray hair,

he belied in appearance the unique intellectual and spiritual endowment contained in his head and heart. I cannot conceive of anyone's not liking him; and although I have proof there were many *sorts* of persons he despised, it was always *sorts* rather than individuals.

What he wrote did not come from the seclusion of book-lined libraries in gracious houses surrounded by lawns and privet hedges. It came from the hurly-burly of a daily newspaper office. I had the distinction for a time of working alongside him in that office of the New York *Sun* where the clangors of the composing-room came through a woven-wire partition. He beat out his daily stint with his typewriter on a box in front of him, his hat on the back of his head and a corncob pipe in his mouth.

I have known writers who ascribed their inability for sustained work to improper environment; no matter what changes were made for them, the atmosphere was always wrong. Don, like Heywood Broun, did his best work in surroundings best calculated to destroy concentrated thought,

ROLLIN KIRBY, one of the great editorial cartoonists of our time, won three Pulitzer Prizes for his work. He was an intimate of Don Marquis on the staff of the New York Sun.

but his training in newspaper offices made it possible for him to close off the din and interruptions of a city-room. He could write a sonnet sitting only a few feet away from the whangbang of type forms being trundled over the loose iron floor plates.

II

The methods of production are of course much less important than what comes out of the author's mind onto copy paper. What an outpouring Don's was! Gay, sardonic, wistful, lusty, tragic, comic — every stop on the organ was useful to him, from the diapason of poetical flights into interstellar space to the jazzed treble of some verbal whimsy.

Hermione, a fatuous fool; Captain Fitzurse, an ineffable old windbag whom Don would have been delighted to meet in the flesh; the devil-may-care mehitable, who represented a philosophy not too distant from Don's; archy, the free-verse cockroach whose observations on life and letters were punched out with his head upon the typewriter keys; the creation of these characters was, I believe, a form of self-criticism for their author.

No one had greater humility than he, and his soul-searching took this form of catharsis. His view of the absurd spectacle made by the human race — the assumed attitudes and dishonest assumptions of virtue, together with real decency and kindness, and aspiration toward some pattern of living which would make

sense — directed his criticism away from bitter polemics into the gentler and more effective channels of humorous satire. Into the column which he wrote first for the *New York Sun* and later for the *Tribune* he poured his thoughts in the form of light paragraphs knocked out to meet a deadline. Sometimes, in the midst of the whimsical mélange the real poet would assert himself and there would appear a sonnet of such beauty as to be breathtaking. Mr. Frank Munsey, the groceryman-cum-publisher who owned the *Sun*, whose chief intent was to keep the Republican party in power, confessed to having no notion what it was all about.

While coping with the drudgery of a daily column Don found time to write several plays. *The Old Soak* is still remembered as a joyous swipe at the Eighteenth Amendment. It gave him, for the first time in his life, a sizable amount of money. Another and wholly different play was *The Dark Hours*, based on the story of the crucifixion, in which the truly reverent religious depth of Don Marquis' character surged up in a great beauty of writing. Into its production Don threw his accumulated savings. It was a *succès d'estime* but failed at the box office.

Novels, books of verse and humor — twenty-eight books in all — flowed from his prolific mind. In view of his natural tendency toward laziness his production was extraordinary. One of his favorite devices to avoid work was to reprint "by request" that delect-

table poem entitled "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith." In its original form, it ran several verses longer, but it was cut down until it just filled the space of his column. On days when work seemed undesirable, in it would go. I am certain Mr. Munsey was never conscious of what his hireling was putting over on him.

I believe that under all this effulgent endowment, the essence, the final distillation, was that of the poet. It is difficult to appraise a friend's work, especially when that person was of such beguiling personal charm. To spend hours with Don was to become convinced that that which he threw away in conversation was better than a great many writers' life work. He loved to pick up an idea and embroider it, sometimes seriously, sometimes in Rabelaisian fashion, sometimes in the lowest plane of verbal slapstick. No matter what the subject was, he left it, like Thoreau's borrowed axe, sharper than it was when he got it.

The mystic strain ran strong in his veins, although formalized religion brought little or no comfort to Marquis:

Pray to the gods,
For the gods are not
Unless we pray to them!

In another poem he follows the same idea:

And in the mist a God gathers unto
himself
Form, and apparels himself in Being.
For them that have desired a God create
Him from the stuff of that desire.

And yet the searcher remains baffled.

Still mounts the Dream on shining
pinion . . .
Still broods the dull distrust . . .
Which shall have ultimate dominion,
Dream, or dust?

A little while of grief and laughter,
And then the day will close;
The shadows gather . . . what comes
after
No man knows!

III

The Hound of Heaven was ever on Don Marquis' heels and tragedy followed him throughout his life. His first wife died, then his son Robert, and then his little daughter Barbara. He suffered for a while from blindness, but recovered. His final catastrophe was an attack of paralysis which left him inert and speechless for months before the end came.

I remember going out in those last days to his home in Forest Hills, Long Island, with Franklin P. Adams. Don's mind was clear but all means of communication had been taken from him. Frank and I talked — I've forgotten about what.

Don lay there listening and then, overcome by frustration, his eyes filled with tears, and he managed to gasp in strangled fashion, "God-dam, Goddam," and the tears poured down his cheeks.

Inscribed on the flyleaf of my copy of *Chapters for the Orthodox* is the following:

To Rollin Kirby, with the cordial regards
of the authors, Satan, Jehovah and Don
Marquis.

In the dedication of this volume to Christopher Morley, Don wrote:

Some people will be genuinely shocked, and others will pretend to be shocked because they will think being shocked the proper attitude to take, and will accuse me of irreverence and all manner of terrible things. But I can trust you to take me at my word when I say that these chapters proceed from no irreverence toward anything real in religion, and are not an "attack" on anything except the element of "hokum" which, unfortunately, clutters up so many otherwise worthy institutions.

The stories in *Chapters for the Orthodox* are savage jibes at the lip-service Christians whose lives do not parallel their professions of faith, and who, under the cloak of piety, conduct mean and low existences. A fabulously rich banker, the financial mainstay of his church, takes the Devil to a service during which Beelzebub murders a young lady sitting in front of him. The congregation and the pastor witness the crime, but all profess not to have seen it.

When the congregation had decorously filed out, and the three are alone, Mr. Pettigrew, the banker, says to the parson, "I told you that I'd like to get rid of him. But how can I? He's always intruding — in a business way, you know."

"Yes," said Dr. Bentley, a little sadly, and dropping his clerical manner, "yes, quite so. I can understand that. He would!"

Dr. Bentley sighed. "You have your material problems, Mr. Pettigrew, just as I have my spiritual ones."

"And in order to reform the world," said Mr. Pettigrew, "you must have many great philanthropic institutions and foundations which take a deal of money. Christianity costs a lot, Dr. Bentley, if it is run right."

"It does," said Dr. Bentley. "It does. If it is run right."

What continually disturbed Don's deep and fundamental religious feelings, and what in his writing seemed so shocking to the orthodox, was the wide gulf which separates the simple but difficult ethics spoken by the Man of Galilee and the formalized and concession-making systems of organized religion. It was not the human slips from perfection that annoyed him. These he understood and sympathized with, and experienced. It was the smug hypocrisy of the canting frauds — what he called "Received Authority" — that aroused his indignation.

Despite the cruel blows that fate rained upon Don Marquis, I do not write this as a threnody: this is a joyous tribute to one who touched the hem of greatness.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by *BERGEN EVANS*



*That health is best preserved by
strict regularity*

The millions who have planned in remorseful moments to "purge and live cleanly like a gentleman" forever after and then have failed to adhere to their resolution will be comforted to know that variations from too strict regularity are on the whole more healthful than not.

Bacon stated the matter with his customary heavy precision. It is "one of the great precepts of health," he says, "that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme: using fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; waking and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and the like."

Some anthropologists are now of the opinion that in the millennia of his savage state man's diet consisted of long fasts interspersed with gorging

when a lucky kill or find brought food, and that this pattern of alternating feast and famine is the one to which his system still responds most favorably.

*That one twin out of every pair is
sterile*

This belief, which Professor Newman of Chicago, the authority on multiple births, says is widespread, is perhaps a false carry-over from the situation among cattle. When cattle produce a male and a female twin, as they do once in a great while, the female, called a freemartin, is always sterile. But this is due to a uterine condition peculiar to cows and has no relation to human beings.

Strangely enough, such are the ways of error, although the error about human beings is common, the fact about cattle is not generally known. It is safe to assume that most readers

BERGEN EVANS, author of *The Natural History of Nonsense* and professor of English at Northwestern University, will discuss various popular fallacies regularly in "The Skeptics' Corner." Readers who have items that might interest Dr. Evans are requested to write to him in care of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* were puzzled by his use of the word "freemartin" to describe certain of his young ladies.



That it is bad for a baby to suck its thumb

Caring for a baby is a nerve-wracking business but that particular brand of sadistic masochism known as mother love makes it more nerve-wracking than it need be.

Among the torments which many mothers have invented to add to their burdens is the belief that it is bad for a baby to suck its thumb. Some think it distorts the incoming teeth, some think it distorts the jaw. All oppose it furiously and resort to various torments, even going so far as to bind the baby's hands, that are certain to distort its disposition.

A baby is born with a sucking reflex. It is one of the very few reflexes that we are born with. It is bound to suck its thumb or else a reasonable facsimile.

In a way, of course, it *is* bad for a baby to suck its thumb. It ought to suck something else. Modern babies probably suck their thumbs more than any other babies in the world's history because of the restricted opportunities that hygiene, caoutchouc, and mama's bridge club force upon them. The thumb does not seem fully satisfactory, however, for millions of babies never seem to get completely weaned; they celebrate Mother's Day and smoke cigarettes.

That biting the nails makes the fingers permanently stubby

Mothers have frightened their children and depressed themselves with this belief for many years and all unnecessarily. Biting the nails and gnawing the cuticle makes the fingers look stubby, of course. But when the biting is stopped the nails will grow out and can be manicured to give the fingers whatever tapering effect they might have been capable of in the first place.



That canned food must not be kept in the can in which it came

The United States Department of Agriculture says that it is quite safe to keep food in the can in which it came if the can is kept cool and covered.



That quinine is a specific against malaria

It is true that a great many white men in the tropics take — or used to take — quinine as a preventive against malaria. But their so doing was sheer superstition. The only preventive of malaria is a mosquito netting applied externally at sundown. Quinine is efficacious to reduce the fever and the ague once malaria has been contracted.



That twins are not as bright as other people

Professor Newman of the University of Chicago, who has made perhaps the

most complete study of multiple human births known, says it is widely believed that twins are not as bright as other people. He and his assistants have carried out extensive tests on large numbers of twins and have concluded that twins are mentally the equals of single-born individuals. The popular belief may be due to a vague feeling that a twin is, as it were, only half a person. The fact that they are always talked about and made objects of curiosity and remark may set twins apart a little and make them shy, and they may be thrown together more closely than other siblings, and both of these conditions might have a slight effect on them.

With the exception of a few fabulous couples—Castor and Pollux, Jacob and Esau, Romulus and Remus—no pair of twins or twin has attained great renown. Unless one includes Professor Picard, and he had to go up into the stratosphere in a balloon before he was perceived.

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*That taste is a safe guide in selecting food*

The fusing of God and Nature by the romantics gave natural impulses a divine sanction and a group of philosophers arose who began to assert that we could come to no harm by doing what comes naturally.

One school of these enthusiasts insists that nature will guide us to a proper diet if we only let her direct us through our likings and revulsions. "The palate can be trusted to know

what is good for the body," Jack London affirmed; and many have echoed him, insisting that even little children if left to their own choice will select a properly-balanced diet.

Against this claim, which has a hint of Divine Providence in it, is the fact that few foods exist today in their natural state and nature cannot be expected to go beyond the Federal Trade Commission and know intuitively the composition of packaged foods.

It is true that carnivorous animals eat meat and herbivorous animals eat plants and that each, under special circumstances, makes slight but wholesome deviations from their customary food. But it is also true that many members of each group eat harmful things. Cows eat loco weed, coyotes eat poisoned bait, and millions of ducks die of botulism.

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That green apples invariably cause a stomach ache

The sacred saga of the Barefoot Boy demands that the young hero shall at one time or another get a dreadful stomach ache from eating green apples. Dr. August A. Thomen (*Doctors Don't Believe It—Why Should You?*, p. 20) insists, however, that there is nothing in green apples to cause a stomach ache. "If an apple is eaten slowly," he maintains, "and sufficiently chewed, the stomach cannot distinguish between a ripe and an unripe one."

Since the green apples were invari-

ably stolen, it may, of course, have been the guilty haste in which they were eaten.



*That appendicitis may be caused
by swallowing seeds*

This is an interesting example of a recent vulgar error since it has been only two or three generations at the most since the inflammation of the vermiform appendix has been recognized — as apart from the older “inflammation of the bowels.” The Hindu mystic who contemplates his own navel until all other sensations fade to nothingness merely does literally what most others do figuratively. And there is nothing we like to conjure out of our inwards more than a new terror.



*That fish is good food for brain-
workers*

The belief that fish is an especially good “brain food” has had many adherents, Agassiz among them.

The argument is that the tissues of the brain and the tissues of fish are both rich in phosphorus. But that’s putting two and two together and getting twenty-two. The same argument would support foods high in calcium for those who are on their feet a great deal, since the bones of the foot, like all bones, contain a great deal of calcium.

It is possible that the belief was shaped in the centuries when the clergy, who ate a great deal of fish

in an attempt to fool God into thinking they weren’t eating meat, had almost a monopoly on intellectual work.

Fish is also thought to stimulate fertility because fish themselves are prolific. By the same token, rabbit would be good for runners and lion’s meat for fighters. Primitives, who think that the spirit of the eaten passes into the eater, would gravely accept these conclusions. Civilized people content themselves with drinking beef extract because bulls are strong.



That ground glass is poison

Splinters of glass will cut the stomach and intestines, and various unpleasant consequences, including death, will probably ensue from such lacerations. But it is difficult to introduce splinters of glass surreptitiously into someone’s stomach. Powdered glass can be introduced into mush and puddings and those who are not finicky about their food or who have been prepared by a course of progressively grittier mushes and puddings may eat it. But it will have no effect. Powdered glass is one of the most inert of substances and quite harmless. There are a couple of cases on record of wives who attempted to murder their husbands by feeding them ground glass and were reduced to bewildered awe by the manner in which the victim seemed to flourish and thrive upon what was meant to have been a fatal diet.

A NEW TAX PROPOSAL

BY HARRY SILVERSON

Two men, self-employed, earn the same annual income, enjoy more or less the same standard of living, have equal family responsibilities — ought they to pay equal Federal income taxes? One would say yes, in principle.

The Federal income tax laws provide for a “graduated” tax, whereby the rate of taxation increases as income increases; in other words, taxation according to ability to pay. But our laws also provide for “classified” taxation, whereby the rates of taxation vary according to the type of income. The practical effect of our dual-principle income tax system is to penalize a whole segment of our population: those whose income is derived from personal services, whether in the form of fees, salaries or wages.

Let us work this out concretely in dollars and cents, using as examples a doctor and a manufacturer.

Dr. Richard M. Blanchard of Wilkesbarre, Ohio has acquired through years of schooling and hospital training a license to practice medicine and,

at the age of 30, opens his own office.

Mr. Donald P. Kerley, also of Wilkesbarre, has acquired a modest sum of capital — through savings, inheritance or borrowing — with which, at the age of 30, he opens a small shoe factory, operated as a corporation.

As it happens, both Blanchard and Kerley have the same-size family, and live in approximately similar circumstances. Both men work hard and prosper equally. At the age of 40, therefore, both men should be in equally good position to reap the fullest financial reward for their years of work. Dr. Blanchard earns \$25,000 a year in fees and Mr. Kerley's factory shows an annual profit of \$25,000. Since they have maintained the same standard of living throughout these years and since both are prudent men who want to provide for themselves and their families in the future, one would assume that they have accumulated the same amount of wealth. Unfortunately, our present tax structure makes this impossible.

Dr. Blanchard's income taxes are

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substantially higher than Mr. Kerley's. As a corporation president, Kerley has been able to limit the impact of taxes on his annual income by drawing out of the corporation's income only such money as he needed for living expenses. The remainder of the profits, ploughed back into the business, is subject only to the comparatively modest corporate tax. The table shows how the income tax affects the two men differently: Mr. Kerley has been able to save \$3020 more each year than Dr. Blanchard.

This disparity, furthermore, would be greater if the total income were greater: if the earnings of these two men had been \$50,000 a year, Mr. Kerley would be ahead \$9097 annually; at \$75,000, the difference would be \$15,890; and at \$100,000, \$26,368.

Because Dr. Blanchard's income is

derived solely from personal services, the graduated surtax rates deflate his earnings to a point where little is left for accumulation. The onset of age and the exhausting physical demands of his profession rapidly weaken Dr. Blanchard's earning power after these ten years. Should he die, Mrs. Blanchard would have only the modest amount her husband had been able to accumulate in the face of steep taxes on his *total* income while paying for a standard of living befitting his position in the community.

Mr. Kerley, on the other hand, can look forward to a period of ever-increasing income. His business, now resting on a solid foundation, has grown in size and generated good will over the years. Should the burden of management become too much for Kerley's advanced age, he could delegate it to someone else and take his

DR. BLANCHARD		MR. KERLEY	
Total annual earnings...	\$25,000	Total annual profits.....	\$25,000
Living expenses	\$10,000	Living expenses	\$10,000
Income tax (on \$25,000)....	\$ 8,522	Income tax (on \$12,795).....	\$ 2,795
	\$18,522	Drawn for living expenses	\$12,795
		Corporate tax (on \$12,205).....	\$ 2,707
Savings.....	\$ 6,478	Earnings left in corpora- tion.....	\$ 9,498

income in the form of dividends. By making gifts of the stock of the corporation to his immediate family he can minimize the tax cost of receiving such dividends. (Dr. Blanchard, however, cannot shift the tax on any fees to another member of his family.)

Kerley could also sell his business, paying only a maximum tax of 25 per cent on the difference between his investment and the selling price. Should he die, his wife could either continue to operate the business through a manager previously selected by her husband, or sell, thus obtaining a sum worth many times the capital available to Mrs. Blanchard. If the factory is sold when Mr. Kerley dies, no further income taxes are paid by his estate, even though the selling price is many times Kerley's original investment.

II

Our tax laws offer additional and substantial savings to Mr. Kerley: he can set up a pension or profit-sharing plan for his employees and include himself among the beneficiaries. Thus he can set aside a substantial sum, undiminished by current income taxes, for his retirement years.

Dr. Blanchard, self-employed, can only dig into his savings to establish the security that the pension or profit-sharing system provides for Mr. Kerley. So it is that Dr. Blanchard, who has greater need than Mr. Kerley for a financial cushion in his old age, not only loses a far greater portion of his income to the government each

year, but is at a relative disadvantage in providing funds for his retirement. The government does not aid him, as it does Mr. Kerley, in providing security for himself.

These discriminations in taxation are by no means the only respects in which our Dr. Blanchard suffers. He is compelled to compute his taxable income without benefit of deductions for the "capital" he has invested in his "business." That capital is not only the cost of his schooling but his sole productive asset, his physical self. This is of course limited in life expectancy and subject to depreciation, just as Mr. Kerley's buildings, furniture, machines and delivery trucks are. But Mr. Kerley can deduct a sum from his income each year for depreciation of his capital. Ironically enough, such a deduction is also allowed to farmers for livestock purchased for dairy work or breeding purposes. . . .

Frequently those who earn their livelihood from personal services are compelled to maintain a much higher standard of living than their income would warrant under other circumstances. Many of the expenses contributing to that higher standard of living are deemed to be personal living expenses and hence non-deductible for individual income tax purposes — but these same items are deductible by corporations.

III

The drastic revisions necessary to achieve absolute equality between "earned" and "investment" income

taxpayers may be accomplished in some far distant Utopia. Many of the discrepancies, however, can be eliminated right now, without a wholesale revision of our tax structure. Certainly two major problems can be tackled:

1. The disproportionate impact of surtax rates upon earned income.
2. The relative inability of those living on earned income to provide their own social security.

At the outset we must recognize two economic facts of life.

First, most individuals earning their livelihood through the employment of personal skills must necessarily spend considerable time (and often money) acquiring the knowledge and proficiency needed for their occupations or professions. A further and usually longer period of time must elapse before they can establish themselves and attain their highest level of earning power. Inevitably the peak period of earning power is followed by a period of descending earnings, culminating in complete retirement. The period of peak earnings is a relatively short one. Under our present structure, these peak earnings are at the mercy of income-tax rates graduated from 40 per cent on net incomes over \$12,000 to 86 per cent on net incomes over \$200,000.

In contrast, the earning power of the incorporated business of Mr. Kerley is not limited strictly to his own productive period. As a matter of fact, it may even increase its earnings throughout his retirement and

long after his death. And these earnings are not subject to sharply graduated rates.

Second, the great majority of those rendering personal services cannot incorporate. For Dr. Blanchard it is usually forbidden by state law. In any event, incorporation would be impractical for the majority of earned-income taxpayers. Such a corporation would be compelled to distribute its earnings annually, because of the heavy penalty tax on undistributed amounts not needed for reinvestment. Indeed, incorporating would leave the earned-income man with less than he has today. He could neither obtain the benefit of the maximum 38 per cent corporate tax rate nor profit by the government's assistance in providing for his old-age through a recognized pension plan.

IV

The most feasible procedure for giving Dr. Blanchard equal tax treatment with Mr. Kerley would:

1. Assign part of the income earned by Dr. Blanchard in his peak years to some future years. This deferred income would be taxed not in the year of receipt but in the year to which it is projected.
2. Make the sum so excluded from current income available to the government in the intervening time, before it is collected in the form of a pension.

Care would of course have to be exercised to prevent an undue loss of revenue by the government, and the

benefits of the plan would need to be confined to the group for whom relief is intended. To prevent manipulation and abuse, the plan could provide some limitations on the type and amount of income which may be projected or deferred for tax purposes.

Suppose there were available a special non-assignable government retirement bond carrying a low interest rate. I suggest that each individual in Dr. Blanchard's circumstances be permitted to purchase these bonds in amounts up to 25 per cent of his total income from personal services before taxes, or a maximum of \$10,000 per year — whichever is lower. These bond purchases should be deductible in arriving at taxable income. In other words, if Dr. Blanchard's income is \$25,000 and he uses 25 per cent of his earned income, or \$6,250 to purchase bonds of this sort, he will be taxed only on \$18,750 for the year. This would permit him to accumulate a security fund of \$62,500 (plus the interest accumulated thereon) over a period of ten years.

Let us assume that he retires after twenty years and starts to draw from his bond reserve at that time. As he draws from his reserve, he will pay income tax on the amount drawn, just as employees covered by pension plans do. The tax burden is then smaller than it would have been had this amount been taxed in the year it was earned.

Just as an employee is permitted to designate beneficiaries to receive the balance of his pension fund in case of

his death, so Dr. Blanchard should be permitted to name beneficiaries for any undrawn yearly amounts, these beneficiaries to pay full tax.

To prevent manipulation on the part of anyone suffering a business or investment loss in any one year — he might seek to draw out enough money from his reserve fund to make up for this loss and pay no taxes on it — and to assure the government full tax payment on all reserve sums drawn, it could be stipulated that a tax on the amount drawn must be paid as if this amount, minus the usual exemptions (for Dr. Blanchard and his family), represented his full taxable income. This tax would be withheld from the amount paid on the retirement bonds, and would be assumed to be the minimum payable by the recipient regardless of business or investment losses.

In addition to its major objectives, this plan would:

1. Stimulate the incentive to work.
2. Encourage early retirement and thus make more room in industry and the professions for newcomers.
3. Discourage the comparatively widespread falsification of income.
4. Establish what many regard to be an important safeguard against a major depression: a large group of mature or elderly persons with substantial purchasing power.
5. Assist considerably in the attempts being made by the Treasury Department to spread the ownership of government bonds over a greater segment of our population.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE MONTH OF MARCH

ALL SEASONS of the year have their peculiar excitements. The calendar of creation, as this life-laden planet wheels steadily around the sun, has in it no dates of deadness and dullness. There is an excitement even in mid-summer, the dusty, drowsing high noon of the year, if a man is mindful of what is happening then: the meadow grasshoppers coming into full song, the wrens brooding their second sets of eggs, the choke-cherries ripening, and many another thing. There is an excitement even in the gray, cold season of late December which we designate as Christmas; nor need a man be specifically a Christian to experience it. There is a natural Christmas older than Christianity. The most ancient Egyptians saw and celebrated the fact that under the sign of Virgo, the Virgin, there is miraculously born at the solstice the Sun that is the light of the world.

Though every portion of the circling year has its special manifesta-

tions of the continuous chemistry of life, and thus its power to excite ourselves whose minds and blood are in comradely participation with all the rest, there is one part of the year, particularly, when we are roused and stirred and caught up in the rush of natural exultancy as at no other time. That part of the year is March. A symbolist may see in August the corn-sign of fertility: of swelling and seeding, under the hot sun. He may stare up at the frosty glittering stars of a January midnight and think, like Kant, that he detects a correspondence between that unutterable order and the ideal ordering of the moral law within him. But in the month of March we do not need to be symbolists to experience, overwhelmingly and everywhere, the significance of the season. It wells up inside us, floods our blood, and invades us by sight, scent, touch, taste, hearing. March is life triumphing over death. March is the fulfillment of the green leaf, out of the cold seed. March is the going of the night, and the rising of the sun.

The Indians, like all men living in

intimate association with the occurrences of earth, thought and spoke in a nature-idiom that rose constantly to the level of a primitive poetry. Our own names for the months are a pallid lot, their significance as little to us as the meanings of Latin and the names of long-gone Roman emperors. To an Indian the "moons" were directly meaningful, the characteristics of each season being bound up with all the rituals of his life, with the activities of game, the summer ripening of wild fruits or the autumn ripening of nuts, the drying or spate of the streams where he fished. He called the moons by the vivid names of their special earth-events: the Green Corn Moon, the Long Night Moon, the Thunder Moon. Our designation, "March," is a feeble, juiceless thing. The aboriginal name was better. This is the Awakening Moon.

Indeed it is. It is the month when even men of the most sluggish imagination, and the most timid and tentative surrender to the old, wild dance of life, must feel at least a little of the sweet fury that drives the universe. They must be at least a little awakened. The sun is up, and there is heat in it. The ice-locked brook has been smashed by the hammering of Spring; the frost-locked earth is split with the green spathes of growing things; the wind may blow out of the north, and the snow lie deep, but there is no victory in them. The victory belongs to life, to warmth, to sap and seeds and loins and the rejoicing heart. It was perhaps in March that a dawn-age

man first drew on a sun-warming rock or in the thawing mud the most ancient symbol known to our humanity. It is the symbol of a circle, betokening the ever-continuity, the ever-triumphing, of life, and inside the enclosing circle the symbol of a cross, the designation for a man. This is the immemorial mandala, the sun-wheel. Stylized a little, it was for ages — until its corruption at the hands of Hitler — the good emblem called a swastika. Stylized a little differently, it has been for twenty centuries the Christian device called the ball and the cross: the world and the faith. From its most ancient days, whatever its later complexities of symbolism, the sun-wheel has been meant to say that the creative power of the universe is forever; and that in this eternal circle of the everlastingness of things, we are caught up and carried; and that out of every winter, however long and cold, there will issue in certain triumphing the warm tumult of the Spring.

The sun-wheel says: Out of darkness, light. Out of the seed, growth. Out of death, life.

It says what March says.

II

From the teeming outburst of this month's renascence of the life of earth, a naturalist can hardly isolate one happening to write about as the particular sign of the season. It is scarcely possible to say, "This is the animal to look for in March," or "This is the bud that will tell you the Spring is here." March is not to be

pinned to one happening. It can be set down, and then only partially, in a calendar of them.

In the first week of this Awakening Moon, there is already the hint of a birth. It is in the tops of the trees. When the light of the sun is right, there can be seen in these bare branches, stark against the snow or the still wintry blue of the sky, a pale, pale suffusion of pinkness. There may be gales now. There may be zero nights. But the winter is done. The buds have begun to swell. The undefeatable tree of life has come creeping up again toward the sun.

And now in this second week there is a song on the frost-hard New England hillsides: a song of such low, sweet gentleness, such hardly bearable clemency, that a hearer of it must surely feel in a rush of understanding the poignance of all the world's old myths about an Earth Mother at the heart of things. This is the Spring song of the bluebirds; and they are joined now by robins, warm-breasted and fat with the sun of the south, and by flocks of iridescent grackles. There is a rushing and tumbling quality in grackle-song, peculiarly in harmony with all the earth-theme of this time. It is not so much sung; it is released.

And now, in a quickening rush, the midges have come out at noonday to dance above the thawing snow; now there are blue-bottles buzzing in sunny corners of barn window-panes; now there is the furious chattering of English sparrows, carrying straw and feathers and beginning their nesting.

The sequence is a little like the sequence of the early stirrs of life in the beginning of the world. The vegetation has been born. The age of insects has followed. Now, with the sparrows' laying of their speckled eggs, there is initiated the vast fecundity of the race of birds. They have been preceded, a little, by the rousing of cold-blooded life in the streams and swamps, but commonly until mid-March this is so quiet a rousing that it may happen hardly noticed.

It bursts out now. It bursts out in the shrilling and piping of the "peepers," chorusing from every marsh the song of a kind of life that goes back to the dinosaurs, back to before there were ever wings or fur, back to when there was no warmth in any blood, "before the sun had brooded and hatched the world we know." A mist clings over the thawing marshes. The rank steamy smell of skunk-cabbage lies on the night air. To go out into the night now, and breathe and listen, is to feel with an exultance nearly touched with terror the primeval thrust and drive of things.

The sun wheels higher. There are newts foregathered in the ponds now, and the glitter and swirl of trout in the brook. Water striders have come up out of the mud, and wherever a pool has thawed open it is dappled with the shadows of their Spring prancing. The re-birth of earth comes faster, faster. Sticklebacks . . . salamanders . . . a mourning-cloak butterfly fluttering on still-numb wings through the budding woods where

patches of snow linger . . . the rush of re-birth has become too big now to be taken in, too fast for following. The calendar of March has become too huge for keeping.

There may be one item of it, though, now in the latter part of the month, which will stand out amongst all the confused tumult of emergence. It was said earlier that there was no single sign or creature that could stand as symbol for this time of awakening and birth. But perhaps there is. Perhaps the heart of March is when the red-winged blackbirds come.

They come to swamps and reedy places; and they light on the tops of the tallest cat-tails, and spread out their shimmering wings as in an agony of enjoyment under the March sun, and they pour from their throats a call of liquid, whistling, triumphing delight. The textbooks of bird-life commonly represent the redwings' song as *Oka-lee! Oka-lee!* It is a hopelessly feeble representation. What the redwings utter is the very whistle of life-acceptance, the very cry of going forward, the very shout of morning come. They sing the song of March.

BE STILL, LITTLE DREAM

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

Be still,
Little dream, be still.
Life is not kind
To your reality.

But do not go.
Speak in a whisper,
And repeat,
Closer and closer,
Till I fall asleep.

Be still,
Little dream, be still.
The world has no welcome
For such dear hopes,
And my heart is filled
With broken songs.

So be still,
Little dream, be still.
But stay nearby
Through the bitter clang
Of night and day.

THE SIREN

A STORY

BY ANTON CHEKHOV

AFTER one of the sessions of the assizes of the peace, the Justices withdrew to the chamber where they usually deliberated. They wanted to get into their street clothes, and after resting a while, go off to dine. The Presiding Judge, a very presentable man with fluffy side-whiskers, had failed to concur with his associates in a case that had just been tried and was sitting at a desk hastening to set down his dissenting opinion. An Acting Justice of the Peace, Milkin, a young man with a languid, melancholy face, who had a reputation as a philosopher at odds with the world and distressed by the emptiness of existence, stood at a window and gazed sadly out into the courtyard. Two judges had already left. An Honorary Justice, a fat man with a bloated look who breathed heavily, and the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, a young man of German extraction with a catarrhal complexion, sat on a couch and waited for their

colleague to finish writing his opinion so that they could all go to dinner together. Standing before them was the secretary, a short man with side-whiskers growing close to his ears and a sugary expression on his face. He was looking at the fat man with a honeyed smile and speaking in a low voice:

"We are all hungry now, it's true, but that's because we're tired and it's after three: it's not, my dear Grigory Savvich, what you would call real appetite. I mean real appetite, the wolfish sort, when you're ready to make a meal of your own father. That comes only after physical exertion, for instance, when you've ridden to hounds, or say after you've been jolted over a hundred versts without a stop in a wretched conveyance. Of course, I won't deny, sir, that imagination has something to do with it, too. Suppose you are coming home after a day's shooting and you want to bring an appetite to your dinner.

ANTON CHEKHOV is the great Russian writer who is equally admired for his short stories and his plays. This short story, which was written in 1887, is here reproduced in an English translation for the first time. It was translated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, who is the author of biographies of Turgenev and Dostoevsky, and the Director of the Slavonic Division of the New York Public Library.

Then you mustn't let your mind dwell on anything intellectual. Intellectual things, learned things, ruin the appetite. You know yourself that thinkers and scholars are just nowhere when it comes to eating. Even pigs, pardon the expression, pay more regard to their food than such people do. As I was saying, you are on your way home, and you must make sure that your mind dwells on nothing but the wine glass and the appetizer. Once as I was traveling I closed my eyes and pictured to myself a sucking-pig with horse-radish. Well, sir, I became virtually hysterical with sheer appetite! Now this is important: when you drive into your own courtyard, you should be aware of a smell from the kitchen, a smell of something, you know. . . ."

"Roast goose is a prime smeller," observed the Honorary Justice, breathing heavily.

"Don't say that, my dear Grigory Savvich. Duck or woodcock, those are the trumps! The bouquet of a goose lacks refinement, lacks delicacy. The richest odor is that of young onions when they just begin to get golden-brown, you know, and when the rascals fill the house with their sizzling. Another thing: when you come in, the table must be set, and when you sit down you tuck the napkin into your collar and you take your time about reaching for the vodka decanter. And mind you, you don't pour it into an ordinary wine-glass, you don't treat the sweetheart that way! No. You pour it into something

antique, made of silver, an heirloom, or into a quaint pot-bellied little glass with an inscription on it, something like this: 'As you clink, you may think, monks also thus do drink.' And you don't gulp it down, straight off, but first you sigh, you rub your hands together, you gaze nonchalantly at the ceiling, and only then, slowly, you raise it to your lips, and at once sparks from your stomach flash through your whole body."

An expression of beatitude spread over the secretary's sugary face.

"Sparks," he repeated, screwing up his eyes. "And as soon as you have had your snifter, you turn to the appetizers."

"See here," put in the Presiding Judge, raising his eyes to the secretary, "be quiet! You've made me spoil two sheets!"

"Oh, I am so sorry, Pyotr Nikolaich! I will speak more quietly," murmured the secretary, and continued in a half whisper. "Well, my dear Grigory Savvich, as I was about to say, when it comes to appetizers, one must know one's way about. The best appetizer is herring. You eat a bit of herring with onion and mustard sauce, and without waiting, my friend, while the sparks are still flying in the stomach, you help yourself to caviar, with lemon juice, if you prefer it that way, then you have a radish with salt, and another piece of herring. But I'll tell you what's better still, my friend: salted pink mushrooms, minced as fine as caviar and

served with onion and olive oil . . . exquisite! But eel-pout liver — that's beyond anything!"

"Mm — yes . . ." agreed the Honorary Justice, screwing up his eyes in turn. "Another good appetizer is stewed white mushrooms."

"Yes, yes, with onion, you know, and bay leaf and other spices. You lift the lid off the dish, and the steam rises, a smell of mushrooms . . . sometimes it really brings tears to my eyes! Well, sir, the meat pie is brought in from the kitchen and at once, without delay, another glass of vodka is in order."

"Ivan, Guryich!" exclaimed the Presiding Judge in a tearful voice. "You made me ruin the third sheet!"

"Deuce take him, he can't think of anything but food!" grumbled Milkin, the philosopher, with a look of contempt. "Is there nothing to live for but mushrooms and meat pie?"

"Well, sir, before the meat pie you down another one," the secretary repeated in a low tone. He was so carried away that, like a nightingale singing, he heard only his own voice. "The meat pie must make your mouth water, it must lie there before you, naked, shameless, a temptation! You wink at it, you cut off a sizable slice, and you let your fingers just play over it, this way, out of excess of feeling. You eat, the butter drips from it like tears, and the filling is fat, juicy, rich, with eggs, giblets, onions. . . ."

The secretary rolled up his eyes and his mouth stretched to his ears. The Honorary Justice groaned and twid-

dled his fingers, apparently seeing the meat pie before him.

"What the devil!" grumbled the Acting Justice, walking over to the further window.

"You eat only two slices, the third you keep for the *shchi*," the secretary went on like a man inspired. "And as soon as you've finished with the meat pie, have the *shchi* served, to keep the appetite at pitch. The *shchi* must be piping hot. But even better than *shchi*, with all that cabbage, is a *borshch*, prepared with sugar beets, Ukrainian style, you know the way, my friend, with ham and country sausages. It should be served with sour cream, of course, and a sprinkling of fresh parsley and dill. Another excellent thing is a *rassolnik*, with tripe in it and giblets and young kidneys, and then if you want a soup, the best thing is a vegetable soup, with carrots, fresh asparagus, a bit of cauliflower and whatever else is legitimate."

"Yes, it's an excellent thing," sighed the Presiding Judge, lifting his eyes from his papers, but at once he caught himself up and moaned: "For heaven's sake! If you go on like that, it'll be evening by the time I get through with my opinion! I've spoiled the fourth sheet!"

"Not a word more, not a word! I am very sorry!" the secretary apologized, and went on in a whisper: "After you have had your *borshch* or your soup, as you prefer, have the fish course served, and immediately, my friend. Of all the mute race, the

finest is erucian carp, fried in sour cream. But so that it shouldn't have any odor of silt, and to give it true delicacy, it must be kept alive in milk for twenty-four hours."

"A fish ring made of sterlet is good, too," put in the Honorary Justice, closing his eyes, and then suddenly, astonishingly, with a ferocious air he rushed from his seat, and roared at the Presiding Judge: "Pyotr Nikolaich, will you be done soon? I can't wait any longer, I just can't!"

"Just let me finish!"

"The devil! I'll eat alone!"

The fat man waved his hand in despair, seized his hat and without a good-bye, ran out of the chamber. The secretary sighed, and bending over the ear of the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, proceeded in a low voice:

"Pike, perch or carp with tomato and mushroom sauce isn't to be sneezed at, either. But fish doesn't really satisfy one, you'll admit, Stepan Frantzych: there's no substance to it. The main thing in a dinner isn't the fish, no matter with what sauce, but the roast. Which are you fondest of?"

The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney made a sour face and said, sighing:

"Unfortunately, I can't share your transports: I have catarrh of the stomach."

"Tut, tut, my dear sir! Catarrh of the stomach is an invention of the doctors! It's a complaint that comes mostly from pride and free-thinking.

Don't give it a thought. Suppose you don't feel like eating or you're even nauseated, just pay no attention, but go right ahead and eat. Say the roast is a snipe or two, and perhaps a partridge with it, or a brace of fat quail, then you'll forget all about your catarrh, I give you my word of honor. And what about roast turkey? The bird should be a hen, with fat, juicy, white meat — the breast of a nymph. . . ."

"That should be tasty," murmured the Prosecuting Attorney, with a wistful smile. "Perhaps I would enjoy a slice of turkey."

"Good Lord! and what about duck? If you take a duckling, one that has had a taste of the ice during the first frost, and roast it, and be sure to put the potatoes, cut small, of course, in the dripping-pan too, so that they get browned to a turn and soaked with duck fat and. . . ."

Milkin, the philosopher, made a ferocious face and was apparently about to say something but instead, suddenly smacked his lips, probably dreaming of roast duck, and without a word, as though pulled by some mysterious force, seized his hat and ran out.

"Yes, perhaps I would enjoy a bit of duck, too," breathed the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney.

The Presiding Judge got up, walked about the chamber, and sat down again.

"After the roast, sir, a man is full, and he goes off into a sweet eclipse,"

continued the secretary. "The body is basking, the soul is transported. And then for the crowning touch, two or three glasses of spiced brandy."

The Presiding Judge grunted and struck out what he had written.

"I have ruined the sixth sheet!" he exclaimed angrily. "This is monstrous!"

"Go on, go on writing, my friend," murmured the secretary. "I shan't say another word. You won't hear a thing. Believe me, Stepan Frantzich," he went on in a scarcely audible whisper, "spiced brandy, if it's home-made, is better than the finest champagne. After the very first glass your whole being is suffused with a kind of fragrance, enveloped in a mirage, as it were, and it seems to you as if you aren't at home, in your own armchair, but somewhere in Australia, that you are astride a downy ostrich. . . ."

"Oh, let's be off, Pyotr Nikolaich!" cried the Prosecuting Attorney, with an impatient jerk of his leg.

"Yes, my friend," the secretary continued. "And while you are sipping your brandy, it's not a bad thing to smoke a cigar, and you blow rings, and you begin to fancy that you are a generalissimo, or better still, you are married to the most beautiful woman in the world, and all day long she is floating under your windows in a kind of pool with gold-fish in it. She floats there, and you call to her:

'Darling, come and give me a kiss.'"

"Pyotr Nikolaich!" moaned the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Yes, my friend," the secretary proceeded. "And when you have had your smoke, you lift the skirts of your dressing-gown and climb into bed! You lie on your back, and you pick up a newspaper. When you can hardly keep your eyes open, and your whole body is ready for sleep, politics makes agreeable reading: Austria made a misstep, France got somebody's back up, the Pope put a spoke in someone's wheel — it's a pleasure, sir, to read of such things."

The Presiding Judge threw down his pen, jumped up and seized his hat in both hands. The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, who had quite forgotten his catarrh and was nearly fainting with impatience, jumped up, too.

"Let's be off!" he cried.

"Pyotr Nikolaich, and what about your dissenting opinion?" asked the secretary in dismay. "My dear friend, when will you write it? You have to be in town at six o'clock!"

The Presiding Judge waved his hand in despair and made a dash for the door. The Assistant Prosecuting Attorney made the same gesture and, seizing his brief case, vanished together with the judge. The secretary looked after them reproachfully and began to gather up the papers.

THE MOTE AND BEAM OF BIGOTRY

BY HODDING CARTER

THERE are two ways of interpreting the Biblical injunction to remove the mote from one's own eye before tackling the beam in the eye of one's brother.

The simplest and most frequently invoked interpretation is to paraphrase it as "You're another, so what," and thereby leave both the mote and the beam where they were. The harder and rarer way is to work on the mote and the beam together.

A good many Southerners, confronted with the undeniable fact of their intolerance, riposte by pointing in any direction of the compass, and calling attention to the rest of the nation's bigots. Likewise, many non-Southerners, comfortably oblivious to their own local hate manifestations, take delight in crusading far from home and usually by remote control.

Both of these reactions are defensive, consciously or sub-consciously. Both are human. And both are dangerous.

But, since the South has been historically the region most publicized for its shortcomings — no national

magazine of general circulation is published in the South — the greatest danger in this situation lies in the relative smugness of the South's critics, who, by focusing most of the attention upon Southern bigotry, minimize the extent and menace of racial and religious intolerance in America.

I first discovered this pot-and-kettle relationship — though not its implications — some twenty years ago as an undergraduate in a small and ancient New England college, a place proud, and with considerable justification, of its liberal tradition. (Incidentally, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been written within less than a rebel yell of its campus.) As one of the few Southerners ever to attend that college, I was fair game; and I responded to their criticisms as would most any youngster from the South who had never before questioned that our racial dealings were just and proper. I got angry enough to start another Civil War. And being angry, I began looking around for those beams in the Yankee eye. They weren't hard to

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find. Item: the one Negro student in the college lived alone. Item: Irish Catholics, and almost all other Catholics, were generally barred from the top fraternities. (It took me three years to get a close friend, a Boston Murphy, into our own.) Item: Jews were obviously restricted in numbers, barred from fraternities and, with a few notable exceptions, the target of whispered jokes and worse.

As a small town Louisianian, I had known but one Jew. He had married a Gentile, and had gone anywhere anyone else did. Our town was near New Orleans, and Catholics were not only unidentifiable from the rest of us, but were cousins to most of us. As for the Irish taint, I had always thought the Irish were the salt of the earth, being slightly Irish myself, and had never heard an O'Malley criticized for ducking out on a potato famine a hundred years ago.

So I played "You're another" throughout college, with no apparent success but with considerable satisfaction. And ever since then I have been confirming what I first discovered then; the most recent occasion being last summer, when motor-ing through Ohio, mother of Presidents and center of the pre-Civil War Underground Railroad, we could find no hotel or tourist cabin manager who would house our colored nurse.

II

Not as a professional Southerner, but as an American, I would ask that intolerance in the United States be

put in its proper perspective. The first, and perhaps most startling fact that would emerge is that there are more Americans outside the South who suffer political, social or economic handicaps — or all three — because of their races or religions, than there are in the South itself.

This may be difficult to believe. You say, "But there are nine million Negroes in the South. Certainly there aren't nine million outside the South who are discriminated against!"

Aren't there? Count them.

There are almost four million Negroes living outside the South. They may vote, but there are other ways in which people can suffer politically besides being denied the right to cast a ballot. Discrimination in Harlem may be more subtle — at least to the perpetrator if not to the victim — than it is in Mississippi, but it exists. I have been in Harlem, have seen the filthy stews, mostly white-owned, in which the Harlem Negro lives, and I doubt that any health-conscious Mississippi sharecropper would trade abodes. I have been in the police courts, in the stores, on the streets. To borrow a phrase, I have seen their faces, and have evaluated their opportunities. We neither spawn nor are as indifferent to such a proportion of criminals and degenerates in Mississippi, nor do our segregated Negroes live in such abandoned segregation as they do around Lenox Avenue. And what goes for Harlem goes to much the same extent for Detroit, Chicago, Washington

and all the eastern, midwestern and western metropoli to which the Negro had journeyed seeking a better life. Four million of them. They vote, or in the big cities, more correctly, they are voted. Some of them go to the same schools as the white children. But ask any of them to speak from his heart, if he lives in such a city, and tell you that he has found freedom from hate and suspicion or contempt.

There are some four million Jews in America. Only a small fraction of them live in the South. The great majority dwell in the cities of the Eastern seaboard, and particularly in New York. I have dropped in on Yorkville's bierabends, both in the days of Fritz Kuhn's brownshirts and since. I have read the discreetly worded classified ads, that cut to the heart like a stiletto: "Restricted clientele," or, more bluntly, like a bludgeon: "Gentiles only." I have seen smeared, defiled synagogue walls and the ruined showcases in greater Boston, where a once-persecuted people, the Boston Irish, now make their own full and evil contribution to persecution. I have heard the unctuous phrases of the well-bred: "Of course, some of my best friends are Jews, but these refugees are taking the country over. . . ."

Four million non-Southern Negroes. Four million Jews. That's eight million.

In the Southwest and the far West live a million and a half Mexican-Americans. Some of them come yearly to our Delta country in Mississippi

to help pick our cotton crop. I have talked to them. Do you know about California's zoot suit riots, and the habits of landlords and landowners and police and politicians in those sun-kissed states which Spanish-speaking adventurers first settled? They can tell you, these brown, dirty, bewildered-looking folk, what it means to have in one's being the mixed blood of the Yaqui and Andalusia.

Eight million and a million and a half. Nine and a half million. Nor are these all.

III

Principally on the West coast there lives a parchment-colored people with high cheek bones and slanted eyes. We went to war with their kinsmen, and we put many of them in concentration camps. Others we put in the Army. Read the story of Ben Kuroki, Japanese-American, who fought as hard for the right to fight as he fought after he was admitted to the Air Corps. Read of their struggle to retain their farms, or to be admitted to the Legion, or to be accepted as citizens of this country. Add to their numbers, the Filipinos and the Chinese. Together, probably a million, though I do not have the figures. They live far to the west of the Mississippi River and a line that runs between Pennsylvania and Maryland, but they too know something of discrimination and persecution.

Ten and a half million all told. Perhaps more.

It would be easier to stop here, hav-

ing called attention to those beams, and let it go at that. But such would be only a sectional counterblast. Or, it would be more comforting to say wishfully that the newer Americans are not infected with the virus that lingers so stubbornly among the descendants of our first, freedom-seeking settlers. But this is not true. Among the professional liberals it is currently fashionable to believe that prejudice in America is principally a vice of the Anglo-Saxon (or, more correctly, the Scotch-Irish) Americans. That would be good, if true, since their numbers are diminishing in proportion to the more prolific later-comers from the Slavic and Latin and Levantine countries. But, regrettably, this isn't true. The error stems from the fact that the South, the almost exclusive target of the non-Southern bigot-haters, is populated principally by people with English-Scotch-Irish forbears. The white participants in the Sojourner Truth housing project riots were principally Polish-Americans. And I am reminded of a sorrowful statement of Theodore Andrica, the liberal Rumanian-born newspaperman who specialized in news of foreign-born Americans for the Cleveland Press. We participated in a forum at Harvard a year ago on the problems of minorities, and Andrica said this: "The later-comers are dropping some of their old world prejudices perhaps, such as anti-Semitism, but they are adopting the American prejudice against the Negro instead."

What, then, are the valid conclu-

sions as to this poisonous growth which spreads over America? It is easier to state them than to suggest a remedy for them.

The first is, obviously, that intolerance is not confined to the South, nor is it primarily a Southern failing. In intensity if not in outward expression, it flourishes equally in each other section of the country.

The second and corollary fact is that prejudice is not directed against a single race or a single religion.

The third is that it thrives most in those areas where the submerged or suspect racial or religious groups exist in such numbers as to infringe, imaginarily or actually, upon the social, political and/or economic dominance of the established majority group. Where there are only a handful of Jews, as in Mississippi, there is little anti-Semitism. Where there are few Negroes, as in New England, there is little discrimination against them. Where there are few Oriental or Mexican-Americans, these are not subjected to isolation, exploitation and suspicion.

The fourth fact is that intolerance is most dangerously expressed in those areas of intense economic competition between racial and religious groups, especially if such competition is carried on at sub-marginal levels or in times of depression. Industrial cities are the usual locale of race riots; and the South's lynchings are almost always perpetrated by mobs made up of the lowest-income white groups, whose skin color is the badge which

distinguishes them from the victims with whom they are in economic competition.

And the final terrible fact is that intolerance is stronger today than ever in the history of our country. In every state in the union, hate organizations are growing in numbers and in strength, from the Christian Fronters of New York and Boston, to the Columbians of Georgia, to the Society of Forward Men of the West Coast. They exist in your town and mine, unknown to us perhaps, but not unknown to the wicked, stupid and potentially dangerous men and women who join them. And they are growing too in boldness. My mail has a foul leavening from such as these. An Indianian (the Klan was strongest in Indiana) writes that I am in the pay of the Jews, else I would reveal that dirty, fat kikes hide on every street in New York to attack pure Christian girls. A Californian speculates jeeringly as to whether the first racial "blood bath" will take place in San Francisco or Atlanta. A Connecticut fanatic promises that my kind will be the first to be put away when the day of the white Protestant American dawns. An Alabamian suggests that I'd better go to some safer and more congenial spot, say Africa. And so on. The rats no longer fear to come out of their holes. And their holes are everywhere.

IV

But, you say, the Southern bigot is safest in his discrimination. That is true. Racial discrimination is legalized

by the constitutions of every Southern state and there is no defense for it, save an emotional one, no explanation for it save that these constitutions were put into force by a frightened, vengeful South, emerging from the longest military occupation in modern history, and determined upon a political and social philosophy of white supremacy. But racially discriminatory laws in the South, and laws against discrimination in the North are brought about by the same thing — the spirit of intolerance which the one protects and the other seeks to end. Had not discrimination against the Jews and Negroes attained scandalous proportions in New York, that state would not have put a fair employment practices act on its books. Nor would the proponents of a federal fair employment law have won so many supporters — or made so many opponents — if their purpose were directed against the South alone.

Are laws or the repeal of laws the answer? Only in part. Certainly where the states fail — and many have failed — the full power of the Federal government should be exerted to protect the citizen in his constitutional rights and in his personal safety. The Georgia massacre is a passionate argument for a Federal anti-lynching law. The decrease in lynching in the South is an argument against one. But while it is possible to legislate against the outward and illegal manifestations of prejudice, it is impossible to legislate against prejudice itself. A Federal Fair Employment

Practices Act may provide equal job opportunities, though even this is highly doubtful. It cannot eradicate the spirit which deprives a man of a job because of his race or religion.

There is no legal blueprint for brotherhood. Nor is it practical to think in terms of an absolute solution of a tragic problem which has hounded and degraded mankind throughout our recorded history. Legislation can, at best, only ameliorate. And legislation, especially punitive legislation, can be successful only if other ameliorating factors accompany the power of the law: education, security and implemented religion.

So obvious are these three requirements that it is unnecessary to embroider them. If all men were secure in their jobs, if the frictional rub of the sub-marginal labor competition could be ended, the seeds of bigotry

would fall upon less fertile ground. A South whose per capita income matched the rest of the country's instead of being forty per cent beneath it, would be a less hospitable host to the Klan. If education in the United States became functional to the degree that every schoolchild were taught from the primary grades the dignity, the contribution to civilization and the interdependence of each of the races that populate our country and the world, the cruel myths of racism would disappear. If the churches made the Sermon on the Mount a code for everyday living, the concept of brotherhood and man's responsibility for his brother would give to religion the vitality it lacks.

Wishful thinking? Of course. But no more so than the belief that America can survive as a democracy without these things.

FARM FOR SALE

BY FRANCES FROST

The sign has hung so long on the heavy maple,
it has tipped sidewise on its rusty nail.

The board has turned as silver as the barn,
weathered to beauty although doomed to fail.

Faded but still unblurred speak the straight green letters,
the words he painted carefully, with pain.

Her eyes that watched him at his hard surrender
now have for tears earth's deep slow searching rain.

He is the only man who wants his farm,
but still he keeps the old sign there above
the grass to remind him someone might come asking
for the final thing that he has left to love.

THE LIBRARY



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE COMINTERN

by **BERTRAM D. WOLFE**

IN THE endless stalemate of the third year of World War I, the Russian Revolution and its offspring, the Communist International, seemed to millions to be man's best hope. They would provide a people's road to peace and freedom. No more wars would be fought for markets and profits (no one thought then of wars fought for naked power). Man would no longer be subject to his own creation, the machine. A new type of humanity would develop, free from the need of policing or compulsion; the state would wither away; man himself would become the measure of all things and his dignity and freedom and further development the test of each act and institution.

Attracted by that bright promise

amidst the murk of war were the best, the most generous-visioned; those most impatient with a world of monstrous evil and most ardent in their love of equality, freedom, brotherhood, justice. These turned their faces towards the new light in the East. Braving innumerable perils, breaking their way through walls of bayonets of the *cordon sanitaire*, they put gifts of courage, devotion, intelligence, dreams at the service of the world revolution.

Since then a quarter century has elapsed. The revolutions that were to have constituted "the final conflict" have all ended in defeat or, worse, in miscarriage. There has been a second war, more terrible and more nearly total than the first. The model anti-imperialist revolution which began bravely by renouncing all "tsarist booty" has ended by seizing it all back again, and more. The upheaval which was to have made "every cook

BERTRAM D. WOLFE has known personally Stalin, Trotsky and a number of other Soviet Communist leaders. He has visited Communist Russia three times, in 1924, 1928 and 1929, spending a total of more than two years time in the country. A longtime student of Communism, he is at present engaged in writing a "triple biography" of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, to be called *Three Who Made a Revolution*.

a master of the affairs of state" has made the state the master of the affairs of every cook. The new order that was to have brought growing equality and freedom moves visibly towards ever greater inequality and ever more atrocious unfreedom. In the form of forced labor it has restored slavery on a scale unknown since the Pharaohs built the pyramids. The state which was to have withered away grows each year more distended, more completely master of thought as well as action, its police more numerous and ruthless, its personal ruler more absolute. It is the individual whose stature has withered while the state has swollen to totality: "All for and through the state, nothing against the state, nothing outside the state." And wherever its "liberating" armies have appeared, there it has begotten a puppet total state in its own image, ruled by its secret police and by obedient Comintern agents who have somehow survived the defeats, the purges, and the transformation and "dissolution" of the International.

That voluntary association of free and rebellious spirits has developed with a strange and tragic fatality into the monstrous opposite of all its founders dreamed of. The founders themselves are gone, their very names besmirched, often their lives taken by the agencies they created. The brave new parliament of fighting and thinking representatives has long since ceased to debate issues or decide them by collective wisdom. One infallible, omnipotent *Vozhd* (Leader), thinks

for all and decides for all. Theirs but the task of discussing how best to carry out his will, how to sense it, courtier-like, when it is cryptically expressed or before it is expressed, how to distribute the blame among themselves when the infallible (as in the Stalin-Hitler pact) has been in grievous error. Such monolithic conformity — that of a piece of granite and not of a living body of men — has made debates and congresses ever more superfluous. And one day in 1943, the "best disciple" who so solemnly over Lenin's dead body had proclaimed: "We swear to thee, Comrade Lenin, to devote our lives to the enlargement and strengthening of the Communist International," decreed that body's dissolution without so much as consulting its parties.

What were the causes, what the stages of this startling transformation? Has the International really been dissolved? What has happened to the men who brought it into being? How do those agents of the Comintern who have survived defeats, disillusion and purge now operate? How does a Duclos, who knows nothing of America or of English, get the power to make the American Communists interrupt their unanimous hosannas to Earl Browder and just as unanimously expel him as a renegade and agent of Wall Street? What are the threads that connect Manuisky (the Russian overseer of the Comintern who replaced Lenin, Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinoviev) with his instruments and agents in other lands: with Pieck

and Ulbricht in Germany, Thorez and Duclos in France, Dimitrov in Bulgaria, Togliatti in Italy, Tito in Yugoslavia, Mao Tze-tung in China? (Like Manuilsky, they too have replaced the original founders of their parties.) What was the effect of the purges upon the functioning of the Communist International? What mechanism now spreads the deadly infection of this "dissolved" and disintegrating organism? What is the real future of the body which has disappointed so many hopes for the future of those who brought it into being?

Pattern for World Revolution, by "Ypsilon" [\$3.50. Ziff-Davis], is an attempt to tell the inside story of the rise and fall of the Communist International, to analyze the process of its metamorphosis, and to answer the above questions. It is an amazing, colorful, incredible and deeply moving story. Amazing and incredible because the truths of our day — crown jewels used to finance revolutionary parties; a bomb planted in the Sophia Cathedral; purge of all the Russian founders save one who died too soon; German Communists as trustees in Hitler's concentration camps; slave labor in the name of workers' rule — are all stranger than the wildest imaginings of fiction. Deeply moving because the authors are men who have given the best years of their lives and the deepest of their loyalties to the Communist International — all the more moving because they strive to preserve an air

of detachment and to keep tight rein on their emotions as they tell the wild and strange truths that have no need of emotional embellishment to stir the reader.

This is an "inside job," a story told by men who not only gave their hearts and minds to the International on the day it was founded but who fought in its battles, served in its secret apparatus of agents and directors, carried out its dangerous and difficult missions in many lands of Europe, followed its development and degeneration with the anguish of men following the disintegration of their own spirit. Even now, after their separation from it, they have never lost touch with its affairs: they follow the latest actions of a Dimitrov, an Ulbricht, a Duclos with the intimate insight and sense of involvement of men whose being is so largely interwoven with the fate of the organization they served so long. Because it is an inside story, there are revelations in it that no mere documentary study like Borkenau's *World Communism* can possibly give. Neither Souvarine nor Angelica Balabanoff, who left the Comintern much earlier and watched its degeneration from afar, nor Kravchenko and Barmine, to whom it was never much more than a resounding name, can possibly give such insights or tell such strange tales. The historians of the future will more frequently consult this book to get a key to the most dynamic force of our time than they will any other work so far published.

The signature, "Ypsilon," is of course a pseudonym. In view of the fate of others who have tried to tell us the truth concerning an instrumentality which set out to serve, then to master mankind, the anonymity is understandable. Moreover, it has a further appropriateness, for these were not top leaders but agents who, in the words of Auden, "made it their mature ambition to think no thought but ours, to hunger, work illegally, and be anonymous."

There are two authors. Without seeking to violate their anonymity, it is easy to deduce from the text that we are hearing from men who were young when the Communist International was born. They joined immediately in the formation of their respective Communist Parties; before long were sent as delegates to Russia; knew the Comintern when its offices and congresses were inside the Kremlin; lived with other representatives in the fabulous Hotel Lux and witnessed its Decameron episodes of political intrigue, personal quarrels, love affairs; participated in the sessions of the Executive Committee of the Communist International; served on committees to supervise and guide Parties; went on difficult missions to various capitals in Europe; formed part of that camaraderie of Moscow agents with whom they exchanged ideas and accounts of their adventures.

One of the authors is of a more

reflective type, with a gift for turning a good metaphysical phrase and a desire to give their whole experience philosophical meaning; the other is more earthy, more proletarian, apparently more "Left" in the traditional sense of that term. They have tried hard to re-examine their old viewpoints, but here and there they still cling unconsciously to unexamined fragments. Thus, when they tell how the Comintern made the blunder of supporting Pilsudski in 1926 "against the *reactionary* peasant government of Witos," a little further thought would have shown them that it was Pilsudski who represented reaction. One of the authors, who seems to know the Balkans exceptionally well from first hand, contributes a fantastically false picture of Tito's rise to power as a "*sans culotte* revolution" gone wrong, a picture which, by the time of the Stalin-Hitler pact and Tito's rise through Great Power manipulations, had become a complete anachronism.

One of the writers seems to have a special love for Prague, a mellow memory of its beer and lovely landscape and *Gemütlichkeit*; an intimate mixture of amused disdain and affection for the old Czech leader Smeral (who could not save his party from ruin because he had taken a solemn oath to Lenin "never to go against the Bolsheviks"); and an unlimited admiration for that sterling character who may yet save Czechoslovakia if Czechoslovakia can be saved: the Good Soldier Schweik.

Thus a detective armed with the weapons of textual criticism might gradually reconstruct a fair profile of each author. What is important, however, is not their identity, but the patent fact that they were on the inside of so many happenings, committees, congresses, missions, and are able to give accounts of things which hitherto could only be conjectured vaguely even by those who, like the reviewer, have followed the doings of the Comintern most closely.

Several other agents of comparable rank have contributed to "Ypsilon's" account their own reminiscences. There are sections from the "Journal of Comrade X," who spent long years in Moscow, followed closely the controversies in the French, German and Russian Parties, saw the purges from close up, and was intimate with Bukharin, the Comintern's leading theoretician after Lenin's death and the author of its program. And there are other sections from "The Memoirs of Comrade Y," a German of socialist parentage, who became a confidential financial agent for the International, his first introduction to his task being a glimpse of "a blinding hoard of riches — golden thrones . . . heaps of precious stones, ikons laminated with gold and studded with jewels. . . ." His experiences in financing Parties, attempting to check on defalcations, watching the use of money to overcome political differences and the degenerative effects of subsidies on Parties which should have depended upon and been under

the control of their own members, are among the most illuminating pages.

Though the two directly responsible for the book now live in the United States, they, as well as "Comrade X" and "Comrade Y," seem to understand little about America. An unconscious feeling of European superiority and belief in the universality of formulas derived from the European scene have prevented them from realizing that underneath the struggle of personalities in the American Communist Party at one time lay real issues concerning dual unionism, attitudes towards a third party or farmer-labor party, efforts to discover the ways in which the American economic, political and social structure differed from that of Europe. Their remarks on Latin American Communism are even less illuminating. But the American fellow traveler they seem to have met and argued with and learned to understand: many will blush as they come upon their naked images in *Pattern for World Revolution*.

III

Most sensational and most illuminating for the future historian is "Ypsilon's" play-by-play account of the desperate "game of poker" played by the Soviet Red Army and the German Army. The game began in 1921 and thereafter was played for high stakes with varying turns of fortune. When the Allies in 1921 delivered an ultimatum to Germany

to close down German aviation factories and other war industries, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, ambassador in Moscow, General von Seeckt, head of the Reichswehr, and Walter Rathenau, Foreign Minister, secretly proposed to set up arms factories in Russia, furnish the technical know-how, the engineers, and instructors for the Red Army, in return for the secret delivery of a portion of the output to the German Army. The Russian negotiators were Trotsky, as head of the Red Army, some members of his staff, Chicherin as Foreign Commissar, and Radek as expert on Germany and unofficial propagandist for both the Foreign Office and the Comintern. The negotiations began, of course, only after they had received the approval of Lenin:

Chicherin was aware that Brockdorff-Rantzau had come to Moscow in order to prepare Germany's revenge against the Allies. Brockdorff-Rantzau was equally aware that the Soviet Government regarded Germany as only a springboard for world revolution . . . Rathenau dreamed of a reconciliation of Germany with the West as soon as the West saw that it was threatening to play with Moscow. . . .

Radek played the part of his life. With the heads of the German bourgeoisie he negotiated a pact of friendship . . . with the heads of the Communist Party the means to bring the same government down in the shortest time. With the Chairman of the German General Electric he discussed the improvement of German-Russian business relations. With the Communists he went into the chances of a general strike in Germany. With General Seeckt he conferred on how to expand the secret military connections between Ger-

many and Russia . . . with his comrades how to break the power of the German army. . . .

A desperate poker game indeed, with the stakes the European Heartland, the fate of Germany and Russia. With tenacious skill and intimate knowledge the authors trace the varying fortunes of the opposing gamblers: how the Russians took a high trick at Genoa and the Germans (Rathenau's faction) at Locarno; how in 1923 von Seeckt made good his threat that he would not permit the victory of the Communist Party in Germany; how Stalin forced the German Communists to remain passive and fight the Socialists rather than the Nazis from 1929 to 1933 because he gambled on the German generals' preventing Hitler from taking power; how Hitler purged General von Schleicher and Stalin Marshal Tukhashevsky, largely as a sequel to this secret game; how Stalin nearly lost everything in playing what he thought was the trump card of a pact with Hitler; how he continues the game now with a superior hand in the form of the *Sozialistische Einheitspartei* and the League of German Officers headed by Reichswehr Marshals von Paulus and von Seydlitz and other General Staff members. No one who would understand the last two decades can afford to miss this account.

IV

Many strange and exciting adventures are scattered like brilliantly colored beads throughout the book, but all

are strung on a somber central thread: the story of the rise and fall of the Comintern. Now in retrospect that story has about it the foreknown and inevitable fatality of a Greek tragedy.

The Comintern was born in the minds of two people simultaneously: Lenin and Rosa Luxemburg. The former represented a band of conspirative professional revolutionaries, nurtured in the Russian underground, where doctrinaire splits concerning how the masses should be approached and organized came naturally, there being no mass parties in Russia. His whole life was founded on the belief that the masses could be directed, commanded, manipulated by resolute leaders. And behind him, after 1917, was all the prestige that comes from success. But Rosa Luxemburg came from a mass party and had a different attitude. She longed for a new International organization as passionately as Lenin, but thought of it as being organized at the end of a long process of convincing and winning the masses.

When Lenin issued his call for the Comintern in December 1918, Rosa Luxemburg's fight for the soul of the masses had just begun. She warned of the consequences and resolutely opposed the immediate founding of a new International. However, none of the leaders of the newly formed Communist Party of Germany, even then engaged in a revolutionary struggle, felt able to leave for Moscow. In place of Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxem-

burg, Leo Jogiches or Paul Levi, they sent young Eberlein with categorical instructions to vote no. By the time the meeting was held in the Kremlin three months later, all the great German leaders except Levi lay dead. The "Congress" consisted of Russians, delegates from the Russian-influenced borderlands, miscellaneous war-prisoners without mandates from their countries and only one accredited representative from a mass party, young Eberlein, who abstained from voting. Lenin had his way: a Russian organization with international aspirations was formed. Lenin tried hard to keep the Russian Party merely "the first among equals" but the fatal flaw was in the foundation. Every step taken to build the edifice deepened and widened the crack.

When we realize this, all the amazing stories fall into position as part of a picture: the crown jewels and subsidies that corrupted Parties already infected by blind worship of success and power; campaigns led independently of the masses who should have controlled them and provided the funds, after being convinced of the rightness of those campaigns; the splitting of Party after Party as the great mass parties tried to join the Comintern; the selection of pliable if discredited instruments like Cachin, who had been pro-war, rather than Lorient, who had been anti-war, in France; the ousting of Serrati and the splitting of the Italian movement, so timed as to leave it defenseless before Mus-

solini; the premature hardening and enlargement of the split in the German working class, which paved Hitler's road to power; the "Bolshevization" of the Parties after Lenin's death, making them caricatures of the Russian Bolshevik Party; the transmission of the Russian factional struggles to all Parties and the selection of leaders not on the basis of their position on the questions of their own land and working class but on their attitudes towards Zinoviev or Trotsky or Stalin; the growth of personal and police dictatorship in Russia (which the authors do not analyze) and its spilling over into the Comintern until it ends with the blood purges of the leaders of the Polish and German and other Parties, men who were refugees, "guests of honor" and members of the "General Staff of the World Revolution" on Russian soil.

All of the episodes, taken one by one, seem dramatic, or amusing, or grotesque. But as they fall into a pattern, they take on the qualities of a nightmare. The "Pattern for World Revolution" turns before our eyes into the fearful pattern of the world that besets us now.

v

"When Lenin founded the Communist International," write the authors, "he stated his objective clearly and unequivocally: world revolution." But:

Stalin dissolved the Communist International in an atmosphere of vagueness

and ambiguity. In the dissolution decree one will seek in vain for an unequivocal statement. The successor of the Comintern, the Stalintern, tiptoed from the dissolution decree into the arena of world politics as it behooves the illegitimate child of the totalitarian transformation of the Russian Revolution. Totalitarian transformations usually have no program of their own. Fundamentally they are a process of disintegration, dissolving all order of society, consuming the political, historical and moral traditions of a country, reproducing them in distorted form, robbing them of their real content. . . .

In this process, Stalin transformed himself from a professional revolutionary into a totalitarian leader who has become a substitute for program, thought, and doctrine. Revolutionary manifestoes are no longer issued by the Russia of the 1940s. The fundamental political method is no longer that of frontal attack but of encirclement of the enemy. Its first task is not to carry to victory a political philosophy of its own, but to destroy its real or supposed enemies. . . .

Stalin's foreign policy rests upon one principle — the destruction of the principles of all others. Notwithstanding that it announces no principles of its own the Stalintern has grown at a speed far greater than ever experienced by Lenin's International.

After this introduction the final section of their book — and the grimmest and most grisly — recounts the dispatch of the surviving agents of the purged and "dissolved" Comintern from Moscow to the various capitals and cabinets of the world: Gottwald to the premiership in Czechoslovakia; Dimitrov and Kolarov to the dictatorship of Bulgaria; Pieck and Ulbricht to Germany; Thorez to France; Ercoli-Togliatti to Italy; Rackoczi (alive because he was

in a Hungarian jail when all the old Hungarian Communist leaders were killed by Stalin) back to Hungary; Bierut (formerly known as Bienkovsky and Rutkowsky, whence the Bierut) and Radkiewicz, both directly from the ranks of the GPU, where they had conducted the purge of all their former Polish Communist superiors, to the posts of premier and security commissar in the land whose very citizenship they had renounced.

These men too were originally idealists and lovers of liberty. But with a relentless clarity fitting to the inexorable process which they are describing, the authors trace their degeneration into puppets and police agents who can swallow even the purges and the Stalin-Hitler pact while all who could not were themselves purged.

How will it all end? We can only give the last word to the authors themselves, for the process continues and the answer still lies in the out-

come of the history we are even now making:

The Stalintern rests on force, suppression, and despair — not on hope and expectation. It is an end in itself. It does not represent a socialist alternative to the breakdown of a capitalist order of society. It is a form of disintegration of human society. Because it has no ends beyond itself, the Stalintern will ultimately end in the extinction of the Communist Parties that compose it. Those which operate within the physical and geographical proximity of Stalin's empire will be transformed into mere appendices of the Russian State apparatus. The contradiction between obedience to the requirements of Moscow and the conditions essential for their political existence in their own countries will defeat the others.

If, on the other hand, the crisis in Russia proper results in convulsions threatening the European and Asiatic expansion of Moscow, the likelihood is that then the parties of the Stalintern will vanish into the dark more quickly than they rose into the limelight of recent events. . . .

They conclude: "The Stalintern has no future, and will produce no successors."

PHRASE ORIGINS — 11

TO CASE: Not long ago, in a learned journal, this verb was listed as a "new word," and authorities were cited for this definition: "To study or plan (a crime, especially the setting of a crime) so as to preclude accidents." In the citations quoted, law-enforcement officers are supposed to be speaking, and perhaps the word means this to them, but to criminals it means simply to look at, to watch, or to look over. As a matter of fact, it is a very old word. It derives from the practice in some gambling houses of maintaining an employee to check on those who are playing faro-bank. This man is called a "case-keeper," and generally sits on a high stool overlooking the layout. He has charge of a tabulator resembling an abacus (or "case"), which he uses to keep tab on the cards which have been drawn and played, thereby protecting the house from any clever gentry who might cut into its "legitimate percentage."

DAVID W. MAURER

THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

STENDHAL, by Matthew Josephson. \$4.00. *Doubleday*. Mr. Josephson here proves again that he has a considerable diligence in research. All his biographies — of Zola, of Rousseau, of Victor Hugo, and now of Stendhal — are big with facts and quotations and a general show of scholarship. Yet they all fail to satisfy completely in the end, because they are the work of a journalist who seems to be trying hard, and in vain, to be a critic and a literary historian. His latest biography of the author of *The Red and the Black* and *Chatterhouse of Parma* is perhaps his biggest failure to date, because Stendhal apparently is the furthest removed from his comprehension. He misses Stendhal's mysticism, his tragic sense of life (even and especially when in the arms of a woman), and his sense of the vanity even of philosophy and poetry. Josephson pictures him as little more than a character in a Grade A movie.

CRITICS & CRUSADERS, by Charles A. Madison. \$3.50. *Holt*. Mr. Madison has divided America's critics and crusaders into six well-established categories: the abolitionists, the utopians, the anarchists, the dissident economists, the militant liberals and the socialists. From each category he has selected three representatives to write about. The result is some 550 immensely readable pages of Americana comprising eighteen short biographies and six introductory essays. The material is not, as the author admits, based on any original research, but perhaps the chief defect of the book is the lack of a unifying thread.

THE MAKING OF A SOUTHERNER, by Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin. \$3.00. *Knopf*. Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin was born some fifty

years ago in Macon, Georgia. Reared in the reactionary spirit of the Old South, she accepted its values unconditionally. Not until Miss Lumpkin came under the influences of the socio-economic forces in other parts of the Republic was she able to emancipate herself from her early conditioning. Her story is the account of her metamorphosis from the status of a Southern die-hard to that of a person of civilized maturity. Miss Lumpkin has written a fascinating book. One can only wish that her experience were general; that it might be the story of the majority of our Southern citizens instead of a handful.

NELSON, by Carola Oman. \$5.00. *Doubleday*. To add to the already long list of books on Nelson may, at first blush, seem quite unnecessary. However, Carola Oman's study has the virtue of being based on some new documents, including a number of Nelson's letters only recently discovered. Miss Oman, who is the daughter of Charles Oman, the eminent historian and professor of Oxford University, has done a scholarly job. Her book makes pleasant reading.

BRING ALONG LAUGHTER, by Milla Logan. \$2.50. *Random House*. Milla Zenovich Logan, who was born in California, is the daughter of Yugoslav parents. Her story, written somewhat in the manner of Saroyan, tells of the fantastic doings of a Serbian family living in San Francisco. The book, at times, is extravagantly humorous, but unfortunately Miss Logan has burdened herself with too difficult an assignment. To portray realistically a group of people seeking to make life a long and continuously merry feast is a formidable job, and Miss Logan, unfortunately, has not been equal to it.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE SOVIET IMPACT ON THE WESTERN WORLD, by Edward Hallett Carr. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. In this slender volume, Professor Carr has amply justified Friedrich Hayek's reference to him as one of "the totalitarians in our midst." The author's ostensible purpose is to examine the impression Soviet Communism has made on Western political, economic, social, diplomatic and ideological habits; and his record of this impact is as frightening as it is persuasive. But underlying his thesis are two hidden assumptions which in the end betray Carr's bias: the assumption that not only capitalism but democracy is incompatible with twentieth-century economics; and his quaint notion that the Soviet Union is a genuine workers' state.

COMPLACENT DICTATOR, by Sir Samuel Hoare. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Britain's wartime ambassador to Spain is probably best remembered for his collusion with Pierre Laval in trying to sell Ethiopia down the river, but his record as an appeaser should not diminish the value of this account. Like Carlton Hayes, Sir Samuel was sent to Spain for the sole purpose of keeping Franco out of the war. He succeeded, though, as he sometimes seems on the verge of admitting, there is a question whether Allied diplomacy or Franco's inability to come to terms with Hitler was the main cause for Spanish neutrality. Sir Samuel advocates a constitutional monarchy.

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE, by John R. Deane. \$3.75. *Viking*. As chief of the United States Military Mission to the Soviet Union during the war, General Deane had two years of intensive education in the art of dealing with the Russians. His job was military coordination: he negotiated on repatriation of prisoners of war, on shuttle bombing bases, exchange of intelligence, opening of the second front in France, lend-lease, surrender arrangements, and the Soviets' part in the war against Japan. His experience alone should give his opinions on Soviet-American relations a respectful hearing; to this can be added his obvious desire to speak with restraint and bolster his conclusions wherever possible with reference to known facts. The chief obstacle to improvement

of our international situation *vis-à-vis* the USSR, he believes, is the belief of the Soviet leaders that "the war with Germany and Japan was only the first phase in the ultimate struggle between Communism and capitalism." One feels that he would endorse the policy set by Mr. Byrnes as Secretary of State: "Soviet officials are much happier, more amenable, and less suspicious when an adversary drives a hard bargain than when he succumbs easily to Soviet demands."

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

SMALL TOWN, by Granville Hicks. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. This is an informal study of life in a small community not far from New York City. Mr. Hicks presents a friendly portrait of the men and women he meets daily; he is gentle with them even when he comments upon their superstitions, their paucity of "intellectual" interests, and certain cultural lacks. He insists, however, that city folk have much to learn from them in the way of humanity and neighborliness. Altogether, a warm, readable, and highly informative volume.

OUT OF UNIFORM, by Benjamin C. Bowker. \$2.75. *Norton*. Bowker, who was formerly a Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army, and for a time Chief of Army Orientation, has here tried to show with some statistical evidence just what constitute the assets and liabilities of America's sixteen million veterans. He tells that battle deaths in World War II averaged 4775 a month while in World War I the average was 2658. Contrary to general opinion, moreover, it was not much safer to be an officer than a man in the ranks. Mr. Bowker also gives some interesting statistics on the morals of American servicemen.

HOW TO GET INTO POLITICS, *The Art of Winning Elections*, by Oliver Carlson and Aldrich Blake. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. \$2.50. The market for this tiny volume is obviously limited. The number of book purchasers in politics is relatively small, and even those who do find themselves running for office will probably find Machiavelli's *Prince* more adequate to their requirements. However, for those MERCURY readers who are thinking of making the plunge, we can only re-

port that all the instructions are provided, right down to what the precinct worker should do after the polls close on election night (eat a sandwich).

THE STRICKEN LAND, *The Story of Puerto Rico*, by Rexford G. Tugwell. \$4.50. *Doubleday*. This is Mr. Tugwell's lively and provocative report on his governorship of Puerto Rico, together with many personal animadversions on President Roosevelt, the New Deal, a number of Washington political personalities, and the future of democracy. He tells in considerable detail how his efforts to bring the New Deal to poor and neglected Puerto Rico made little headway against the opposition of the sugar interests and the apathy of the Puerto Ricans. He does not endorse independence for the island, but has hopes that within its present framework Puerto Rican government can more and more act as "an instrument of and for the people rather than the élite."

FICTION

THE AERODROME, by Rex Warner. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. More parable than novel, this story (first published in England during the second year of the war) relates how an Air Force establishment, "The Aerodrome," took over a village adjacent to it and proceeded to alter every aspect of the villagers' life. Where the village way had been wasteful, traditional, sentimental, confused and sensual, the Air Force's way was ruthless, aseptic, planned and efficient. The Aerodrome's chief expresses the "airmen's" contempt for a civilization "which, wholly indefensible as it is, it is yet part of our duty to defend. . . . We aim . . . also to transform it." The hero airman, told that he is to be freed from the "bondage of the future" no less than that of the past, concludes finally that "We had abolished inefficiency, hypocrisy, and the fortunes of the irresolute or the remorseful mind; but we had destroyed also the spirit of adventure, inquiry, the sweet and terrifying sympathy of love that can acknowledge mystery, danger, and dependence." The allegory, set forth in a skilled if highly mannered way, has the unreal, abstract atmosphere of a Kafka story.

MY PAST WAS AN EVIL RIVER, by George Millar. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. A disappointing first novel by the author of two first-rate personal-history war books. Whereas *Waiting in the Night* and *Horned Pigeon* were convincing and dramatic accounts of Millar's experiences with the Maquis and the Nazis, *My Past Was an Evil River* comes out as a contrived and flat story of one week in postwar Germany. The scene is the Tyrol; the characters include a de-emotionalized and de-Frenchified Frenchman and some diehard Nazis. The story carries little conviction.

WHAT D'YA KNOW FOR SURE, by Len Zinberg. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. A small-time assistant director in Hollywood falls in love with a star actress suffering from schizophrenia, and tries to help her. In doing so he gives up his job and opportunities. It is not until the star finds him washing dishes for a living that she is finally cured and begins again to believe in the honesty of the human race. After a torrid love affair, they get married, produce a picture that puts them both at the top of the Hollywood heap and then the actress retires to the home. Third-rate as a novel, but what a movie it would make!

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT, by Laura Z. Hobson. \$2.75. *Simon and Schuster*. Philip Green, a feature writer, is assigned the task of writing a series of articles on anti-Semitism. In order to write an interesting series he pretends to be Jewish and is astonished to find himself reacting like a Jew to the various symptoms of anti-Semitism with which he comes in contact. While the story may be a little too pat, it is simply and honestly told, and reveals considerable insight.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE, with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman. \$4.00. *Citadel*. This collection of Bierce's writings does not contain any of his political essays or other non-fiction, but it does include the best (and what must be some of the worst) of his fiction. The stories deal mainly in such themes as mutilation, murder, torture and parenticide, and are uniformly gloomy except for occasional flashes of sadistic wit. *The Devil's Dic-*

tionary, however, is still fun to browse through, though too large a percentage of the writer's epigrams tend to seem labored and overblown.

STORIES OF CHINA AT WAR, edited by Chi-Chen Wang. \$2.50. *Columbia*. Chi-Chen Wang, an Assistant Professor of Chinese Literature at Columbia University, is a recognized authority on the letters of present-day China. In the present volume, Professor Wang has assembled a small but interesting collection of stories, all written since 1937, and a few of which have already appeared in American magazines. There is considerable variety both in the substance and literary quality of the offerings. "Beyond the Willow," a story by Tuan-mu Kung-kiang, for example, is little more than a frothy, though charmingly told, juvenile. "The Red Trousers" by Pien Chih-lin is a humorous tale about Chinese intrepidity and craftiness against the Japanese foe; it is ably done.

DISCOVERY OF EUROPE, *The Story of American Experience in the Old World*, edited by Philip Rahv. \$5.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Mr. Rahv is rapidly becoming one of our more industrious anthologists. In the present instance he has assembled a formidable volume of American writing about travels on the Continent, both fiction and non-fiction. (The latter category includes some excellent reporting on post-1917 Russia.) On the whole his selections are excellent.

POETRY

LORD WEARY'S CASTLE, by Robert Lowell. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. As was the case with Karl Shapiro, Mr. Lowell is now being overpraised by some of his eager fellow poets. He is really not the most wonderful thing that has happened to American poetry since Emily Dickinson or Carl Sandburg or Vachel Lindsay. He is an able craftsman with a sharp sense of the evanescence of things, as witness "New Year's Day" and "Mr. Edwards and the Spider," but he can also be brittle and girlishly intellectual, as in "The Ferris Wheel" and "Between the Porch and the Altar." Besides, the religious atmosphere that surrounds most of the poems is more offensive than elevating, more irrelevant than spiritual.

LEADING WITH MY LEFT, by Richard Armour. \$2.00. *The New Leader*. When the New York *New Leader* began publishing the satirical verse of Richard Armour in 1941 it was doubtless with the intention of using his short poems merely as fillers. Now, after five years, Armour's poetry has become popular enough to merit a volume of its own. His verse is dedicated mainly to political issues of the moment, but the collection still makes superb reading today. His commentary on the absurdities of current politics is often penetrating and consistently funny. Max Eastman contributes an introduction and Joseph Forte a dozen caricatures.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD, by Evelyn Waugh. \$3.00. *Little, Brown*. Mr. Waugh is now 43, and feels the need to winnow as well as collect some of his earlier writings. Here are reprinted sections from four travel books written between 1929 and 1935. It is astonishing how much these now read as though they had come from another world: the youthfully mature and urbane Englishman abroad, no passport or visa difficulties, no transportation discomforts, the British lion still everywhere all-powerful. Mr. Waugh's travels took in the Mediterranean, Abyssinia, East and West Africa, and South America. They make pleasant reading: "I was simply a young man, typical of my age; we traveled as a matter of course. I rejoice that I went when the going was good."

THE YALE COLLECTIONS, by Wilmarth S. Lewis. \$2.00. *Yale*. Founded with a collection of books in the early eighteenth century, Yale University today possesses thousands of other collections. They are, indeed, so vast that they are little known even to Yale men. Mr. Lewis has given an account of some of these collections, which comprise not only books and manuscripts, but also art objects and materials in the domains of anthropology and natural history. His survey is brief, but also revealing and well-written. Among the hundred great English books listed by Princeton University, ninety-two may be found at Yale in their first editions.

THE OPEN FORUM



GERMAN REPARATIONS AND MR. PAULEY

SIR: Personally, I believe the Berlin Protocol, otherwise known as the Potsdam Agreement, was badly conceived. The zonal division of Germany between four occupying powers with widely divergent economic and political purposes was the fatal error. The next most serious error was to rely, for elimination of Germany's war potential, upon merely physical factors such as removal of direct war material producing industry, instead of on democratization and reeducation. And necessarily then the third error lay in the reparations provisions which, as Mr. Pauley has pointed out in his article ["Reparations and World War III," *AMERICAN MERCURY*, December 1946], "provided that reparations be taken from her industrial capital equipment with the aim of removing all equipment in excess of that needed for a peacetime economy" (p. 656).

There is great danger to peace in the assumption of Mr. Pauley that World War III will necessarily result from a Germany with a strong industry, because in the process of preventing the rise of such a Germany the world may stumble into war in quite another quarter of the globe. Much more likely to produce the next war is the disunity among the victors of the last one. In that disunity Germany, whether abject as now or restored to industrial eminence, is bound to be merely a pawn. After the experience they have just gained the Germans know this very well, and the last thing they could possibly wish is to become the battleground of such a war.

Germany, in the world of today, must either be neutral as between the East and the West relying, like the Scandinavian countries, on a strong United Nations for the preservation of the peace, or she must move within the orbit of the USSR. She is too close to Russia and too far away from the United States and Great Britain to choose the third alternative, namely to become the active partner of the Western Powers. Weak

and depressed as she will be if de-industrialized to the extent fixed by the Allied Control Council in March 1946, she will surely drift eastward. She has a possibility of remaining neutral and a proponent of peace only if she is allowed to reunite and support herself by intensive agriculture plus a high degree of industrialization.

No one wants to see an industrial Germany devote herself to the manufacture of armament, for herself or for others. Her continued disarmament should be part and parcel of the general disarmament program of the United Nations. Her existing plants for the production of ultimate war materials should be either converted to peaceful production or destroyed and not turned over to any victor-nation. Then, after a thorough de-Nazification of Germany, the occupying powers should maintain only such forces within her final borders as may be necessary to police the country, and such forces should be placed under the command of a United Nations supreme commander. The zonal system of occupation should be abandoned. Thereafter the German people ought to be permitted to reestablish their own government, preferably on a federal-state basis, and work out its own economic and political salvation. A fixed value for reparations in kind ought to be agreed upon. . . .

It is of paramount importance that German educational and intellectual life be opened up to the most active contact with that of the rest of the world. In isolation and ostracism the Nazis and other authoritarians have their greatest chance of recovering position and prestige. Democratic political institutions and a regeneration of spirit through education are far better foundations for a peaceful Germany than any police methods, punitive or preventive. . . .

BRYN J. HOVDE

*President, New School for Social Research
New York City.*

ATROCITIES IN BUCHENWALD

SIR: It was very meritorious of THE AMERICAN MERCURY to show forth the circumstances in the infamous German concentration camps along another line than it was done before ["Communist Atrocities at Buchenwald," by Donald B. Robinson, October 1946], and to my knowledge this has been the first time that these facts have been cleared up. THE AMERICAN MERCURY has thus been able to destroy the legend that is hotly defended by all circles which tend to friendship with Germany, namely the legend that all those atrocities have been committed solely by the SS-Elite Guard. . . .

I would like to tell out of my own experience the infamous part played by any prisoner who by some chance or other came to any little amount of superiority on his fellow prisoners.

Of course I want to make it perfectly clear that my object is not to excuse the SS-Elite Guard in the slightest way. But I want to state that the major part of the cruelties committed in the concentration camps were not done by the SS, but by those Germans who now are celebrated in Germany as martyrs and who, outside of Germany are frequently spoken of as the living proof of the so-called "good Germans."

My own experience in the camp will make an example for all the above-mentioned facts. . . .

The control of the prisoners, rigorously effected from dawn to the extinction of the lights in the barracks was done by fellow prisoners, the so-called Capos. Those were the men who tortured and oppressed the unfortunate, of course benevolently supported by the SS.

As outward memoriam from my time of sufferings in the concentration camps I can offer a broken nose (by Capo Bertl), a broken jaw and the loss of my teeth (by Capo Beer), and a still-visible scar (by Capo Sack). On arrival at Buchenwald, I was immediately given a broken nose by Bertl, who was at that time the "eldest" of my barrack, and later became "eldest" of the camp. Before Hitler, Bertl had been the youngest Communist deputy of Germany. After the American liberation, he was made boss of the camp.

He is a leading figure in the German Communist Party.

I could give a long and impressive list of names, but they would not mean anything to the American reader. . . .

OTTO GUNTHER

New York City.

GOOD FOOD AND BAD

SIR: The article "Our Tasteless Food" [THE AMERICAN MERCURY, October 1946] is interesting and important. John C. Ross does your readers a favor when he tells them how and where to get good food.

However, if he had done just a little more research he would not have written: "Our food is certainly cleaner, fresher, more nutritious, more healthful than at any other time or place in the world's history." The "cleaner" and "fresher" are true but not "more nutritious" and "more healthful." . . .

Friends of the Land, a non-profit, non-partisan society for the conservation of soil, rain and man have been making an approach to food and health that goes to the source. To their two-day conference on conservation, nutrition and human health come each June many of the country's top-flight authorities in medicine, dentistry, plant and animal ecology, soil and water conservation, rural economics, philosophy and education. A summary of the papers and remarks at this conference is given in the autumn issue of the Land magazine. Some excerpts are given below.

Dr. Fred D. Miller, a dentist of Altoona, Pennsylvania, speaking on "Dentation and Nutrition" said: "Having practiced dentistry for more than thirty years I am thoroughly convinced — speaking from the biological point of view, not the moral aspect — that refined white flour and its products — bread, crackers, cookies, pastries — and refined sugar and its products — candies, hard candies and soft drinks — are doing more harm in this country than hard liquor."

Dr. James Asa Shield, assistant professor of neuropsychiatry, Medical College of Virginia, speaking on "Soil and Nerves" said: "Man living on depleted soils may unwarily be sick and starving for vitamins and minerals which affect his personality. We know that many of the diseases, including nervous and mental disorders, are directly traceable in whole or in part to nutrition. There is an increasing body of evidence to support the view that an important, if not the controlling factor in today's social and moral confusion is the deterioration in the quality of the food supply, resulting directly from the depletion and improper treatment of the soil." . . .

F. L. SUTTLES

Greensboro, N. C.

SIR: Mr. Suttles is certainly right about the poor nutritional values of refined white flour

products and refined white sugar products. These are, however, the two great exceptions to my general proposition that modern advances in dietetics, the discoveries concerning vitamins, the widespread dissemination of nutritional information, the advances in food processing, and modern transportation are getting us a wider variety of better and more nutritional foods than ever before.

The slow depletion of our soils may well be causing a counter-trend which could do great future harm to generations to come, but so far, each succeeding generation of Americans is taller, more robust and by all evidence healthier than previous generations.

Of course we are wasting our resources. We are not beginning to serve as healthful diets as we could. The ignorance of food processors (especially in the kitchen) wastes some of the most valuable nutritional elements. But it was not many years ago that rickets and even beriberi were fairly common diseases in the United States. My impression is that they are rare today and that beriberi especially is virtually nonexistent. These exemplify the general trend.

JOHN C. ROSS

Chicago, Ill.

SHANGHAI GESTURE

SIR: Mr. Armstrong [THE AMERICAN MERCURY, December 1946] may have done considerable research on the origin of "shanghai" but seemingly not among men who go down to the sea in ships. Otherwise he would not have spoken of "square-rigged wooden schooners." A square circle or a four-sided triangle could more easily be imagined. A schooner-rigged vessel has triangular sails; a square-rigged vessel (or square rigger) has square sails. And don't speak of a schooner-rigged ship. There aint no sech. A ship is always a square rigger (Webster to the contrary notwithstanding, who uses the term ship generically).

I have never come across an article on the gentle art of shanghai. The gentry who practiced (perpetrated?) this sort of plesantry were a lusty lot of highbinders and their history should make a sparkling page in annals of the sea. Mr. Armstrong's reference to them as "shipping agents" who undertook their little assignments "for a regular fee" is as amusingly artless as his "square-rigged schooners" is unconsciously comic. These birds (Shanghai Brown who cruised the waterfront of San Francisco before the turn of the century was one of the most noted) were called

crimps or runners who did what they did for a sailors' boardinghouse master. And their "fee" was called head money and sometimes blood money. And, believe me, there was nothing regular or fixed about that fee. Nay, brother, there was nothing regular about the entire transaction. The only thing fixed was the poor guy who was shanghaied.

B. J. RAISCH

Austin, Texas.

SIR: Mr. Raisch has me dead to right. The expression "square-rigged wooden schooner" is as wrong as "irregardless." In apology I can say only what Samuel Johnson is supposed to have said when he was asked why he had defined "fetlock" as the knee of a horse: "It was due to ignorance, sheer ignorance." Nor are there any extenuating circumstances. My father, who sailed the seas for years, spotted the error in the printed copy. Unfortunately the manuscript on this item was not shown to him. He told me I was a little too big to spank, but added with a merry twinkle in his frish brown eyes that I deserved it.

When I used the term "regular" I did not mean to imply there was a set price for everyone concerned in the matter of shanghaiing sailors. There seldom is a set fee in black market, bootleg, or illegal transactions, at least for the runners or crimps. However, there are reports that certain boarding house masters would contract with captains to supply a certain number of men for an agreed-upon fee. The boarding house masters in turn would engage a number of runners to pick up the required men. These runners got what they could bargain out of the boarding house master.

In some instances these runners were not sailors because men who sail before the mast are known by their gait. Sailors in ports where a number of ships, or even one, were waiting to set sail were suspicious of other sailors whom they did not know. They were not always suspicious of ordinary men, or women, with whom they sometimes struck up an acquaintance that led to an unplanned-for passage to somewhere in the world they would rather not go.

DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

Weehawken, N. J.

THE VETERAN PROBLEM

SIR: "Veterans and the Civil Service" in the December [1946] MERCURY is splendid, and . . . showed remarkable courage . . . especially since so many groups and organizations view the

eterans and their rights as something sacrosanct.

Those men who actually did fight on the battlefield are entitled to the best that an intelligent government can give them, but there were millions that never even went across the water. We had an air-field here in La Junta, and here were men here during the entire duration of the war, not even being transferred to other places. We had three here in our own block who came in from California with the first contingent, were married and had children while here. One man across the street had two children. Not one of these men had trades and being in the Army was a boon for them. . . .

I drove over to Fort Lyon one morning on business and going down the corridor looked in at the various offices. I think they were all war veterans, and many looked as though they should be shoveling coal. But there they were, pecking at the typewriter, as though they had first met it that very morning. Regardless of what the government thinks they owe the veteran, surely they shouldn't clog the wheels of administrative bureaus with incompetents.

MARY GAINES

La Junta, Col.

WOLFE IN RETROSPECT

SIR: I have just finished reading [the] extremely astute estimate of Tom Wolfe in the *MERCURY* ["Reminiscences of Tom Wolfe," by L. Ruth Middlebrook, November 1946], and I trust it isn't too presumptuous to drop you a line. . . .

I was profoundly shocked to learn from your article that Wolfe, like most Southerners, believed that "the Negro has his place." How this escaped me in reading his books I can't imagine. Had I known it, I would certainly have thought less of him.

About a year ago I had a conversation with a Jewish girl in Greenwich Village. She was one of those neurotics who thought herself a heroine because she washed out her own stockings and customarily walked six blocks or so to Cooper Union in the rain. At any rate, she told me that Wolfe's writings reveal that he was anti-Semitic, a charge which I vigorously denied. I cited his love for Esther Jack and also mentioned the affection that Wolfe had for Abraham Jones, the name he gives one of his NYU students. . . .

So, since I sincerely believe that Wolfe was free from any stupid anti-Semitism, your obviously true story of his attitude towards the Negro causes me great disappointment. It also causes me

to reconsider my previous evaluation of Wolfe as the greatest writer of our time.

This brings up an interesting point. Is a writer's work so divorced from his personality that we shouldn't consider the man's opinions when evaluating his work? Frankly, I don't know. I can't help but think less of Ezra Pound because of his deterioration that led to his embracing Fascism, even though my better instincts tell me that his political beliefs are irrelevant when judging his poetry.

Somehow we expect too much of our literary heroes. But to hear that Wolfe's attitude on the racial question was like that of a merchant in Hattiesburg, Miss. is rather like learning that Sinclair Lewis had joined the Elks.

Another thing. I have always thought that I would not have enjoyed knowing Tom Wolfe personally. I say this in spite of the fact that I consider him one of the most interesting and gifted figures of recent history. But he must have been a colossal bore at times. I know that on his last journey west in 1938 he spent some time with a friend of mine in Seattle. He was a source of considerable embarrassment to his hosts because he wanted to spend all his time in saloons on "skid row" talking to degenerates. This is perfectly okay as an incidental pastime, but for a steady diet it would pall. . . .

However, I feel that my life is richer because of having read Tom Wolfe's books. As long as I live, I will never forget the portrait of Uncle Bascom, or the strange and sad fate of Francis Starwick, or Judge Rumford Bland, or Nebraska Crane. Speaking of the latter, I have been told that Clifton Fadiman has a theory that Nebraska Crane is pure fiction, one of the few Wolfe characters not based on any real person. Where Fadiman obtained this information I cannot imagine, nor do I know whether it is true, but I spent five years doing publicity for a major league baseball team and I can say that the portrait of Nebraska Crane is the only valid picture of a baseball player I have seen in literature.

Your mention of Wolfe's relationship with his mother is unusually discerning, and I can't imagine how the literary boys fell for that Oedipus myth. . . .

But, in spite of his faults, the guy could write like hell, couldn't he? And I imagine that Clarence Darrow or John P. Altgeld or some other hero of mine would be charitable about him and view him as I do. . . .

LEE ALLEN

Huntington, W. Va.

THE SEX PROBLEM

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SIR: I was very glad to see Dr. Benjamin's letter on prostitution in the December issue. There is probably no popular magazine in America today which would print an article giving the views of the most enlightened modern sexologists and sociologists on this question; and there has been a perfect flood of articles recently presenting the conventional unscientific view . . .

May I supplement it by a reference to the most valuable writings on the subject, which should have the earnest study of all those who have an important part to play in building a happier World of Tomorrow? I would cite Maurice Parmelee, *Personality and Conduct*, Chaps. 13-16; William J. Robinson, *Sex, Love and Morality*, Chap. 15; Max Miller, *Reno*, Chap. 14; Harry Elmer Barnes, *Society in Transition*, pp. 773-803; Harry Benjamin, *Prostitution and Venereal Disease*; William J. Robinson, *The Oldest Profession in the World*; and René Guyon, *The Persecution of Sexual Acts: Courtesans*.

Mention of the last item, however, requires some comment on what has been called "the most important work for Western civilization written in our generation," and what is certainly the most important and most monumental work on sex ever written: René Guyon's *Studies in Sexual Ethics*. Its scope and value will be amply demonstrated by merely citing the titles of the nine volumes: Vol. I, *The Legitimate Nature of Sexual Acts*; Vol. II, *Sexual Freedom*; Vol. III, *Revision of the Classic Institutions: Marriage and the Family*; Vol. IV, *A Rational Sexual Policy: Human Reproduction*; Vol. V, *A Rational Sexual Policy: Sexual Pleasure*; Vol. VI, *The Persecution of Sexual Acts: Courtesans*; Vol. VII, *The Persecution of Sexual Acts: Intermediaries; Venereal Diseases*; Vol. VIII, *The Persecution of Sexual Acts: the Sexual Slavery of Minors; the Bluff of Pornography*; Vol. IX, *Society and Sexual Acts: the Puritan Terror*.

This mighty work, which thoroughly analyzes the present unscientific sexual structure of Western society, and presents a detailed blueprint for a scientific and pro-sexual society of the future, is supplemented by two other important volumes: *The League of Nations in the Hands of the Puritans* (which should have the earnest study of the present United Nations organization) and *The Necessity of Abolishing Sexual Offenses in Penal Law* (which should have the earnest study of all law-makers).

It is no exaggeration to say that René Guyon is the most important writer in the world today. In addition to the above definitive volumes, his works include *Cruelty*, *Reflections on Tolerance*,

The Wide Gate (in 4 volumes), *The Metaphysics of Materialism*, *The Materialist Philosophy of Biology*, *The Materialist Philosophy of Psychology*, and *Two Thousand Years of Christian Dictatorship* (in 3 volumes). Yet he is almost unknown in America today, and only two of his books have been translated into English. It is urgently desirable that his works be translated as rapidly as possible, and published here and in England. It is as dangerous as it is disgraceful that humanity should be laying plans for a future civilization without taking any account of . . . its best minds.

GEORGE R. WEAVER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELECTION POST-MORTEM

SIR: Regarding the article by Lowell M. Limpus, "Will the Elections Forecast 1948?" in the November *MERCURY*:

In all of his reasoning and statistics, Mr. Limpus seems to have ignored a simple fact: in the last 13 presidential contests, only once has the party that secured the greater number of House seats in the preceding off-year election failed to get the presidency two years later. The exception took place when the Republicans in 1930 won the greater number of seats in the House of Representatives, but lost the presidency in 1932 to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Now that the Republicans have taken both the House and the Senate, it would seem that they have a more-than-even chance of getting the presidency in 1948, if the results of past campaigns are any indication. This is not what Mr. Limpus would have us believe.

R. S. FRIES

Bridgewater, Mass.

SIR: Mr. Fries is quite correct, both with regard to his statistics and "what Mr. Limpus would have us believe." I ignored his "simple fact" because it could be applied to a *change* in the party capturing the presidency only twice in 50 years (1912 and 1920). And I was dealing with the prospects of the Outs ousting the Ins; not with those of the party already in power remaining so. I wrote my article *before* the election; he wrote his letter *after* it. The article merely discounted in advance the claims which would follow the almost certain gains of the Outs and I was certainly right about the results of this election. Let's wait patiently and see who's right about the next one. I could be wrong. (Oddly enough, I have been once or twice in the past.) I wonder if Mr. Fries ever makes mistakes, too.

LOWELL M. LIMPUS

New York City.

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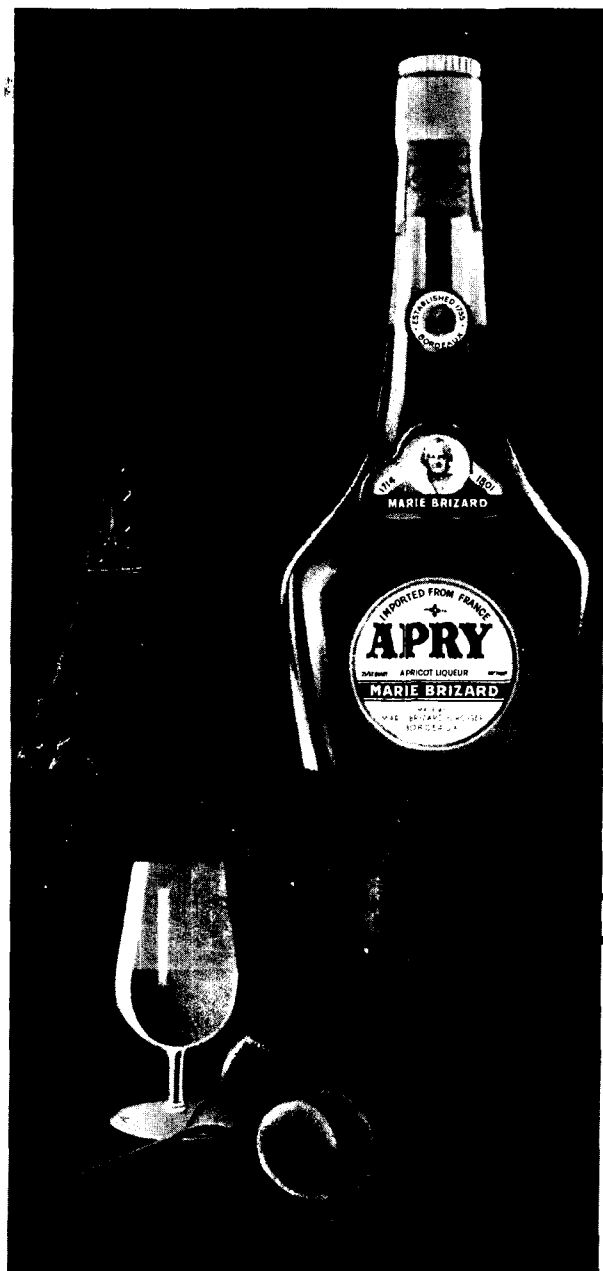
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